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EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE OPINION OF THE EDITOR ON THE ISSUES OF THE DAY.

Whenever the methods of the politicians and the monopolists get the country into trouble or rather into worse trouble, they have on hand always some patent cut and dried plan or explanation. They say "it is overproduction of products," but when the people refuse to swallow this and show that it is an UNDER PRODUCTION OF MONEY, then they put out it is want of confidence." What they are doing now, but the people refuse to swallow it, for they know and say that IT IS WANT OF MONEY. What the next dodge of the speculators and oppressors will be no one knows, but the people are on the alert and are doing their own thinking and will hereafter do their own voting.

To completely demonetize silver, to withdraw from circulation and destroy the remainder of the greenbacks, and then, to put out (in the place of silver or greenbacks) State bank notes, which are not a legal tender and can not be made so, and leaving gold the only standard, only legal tender money, and thereby turn the people over to the tender mercies of the London Israelites, seems to be the programme of Grover Cleveland and the new England end of the Democracy. Will the congressmen from the South and the West accept this scheme or will they bow their necks like so many slaves or slight henchmen? Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!

Notwithstanding the failure of many national banks within the last few days and the loss of many millions by deposits and shrinkage of values, all national bank notes are at par. This is because they are backed by the government. Who will pretend to assert that state bank notes, as now proposed as a substitute for silver coinage and legal tender treasury notes, would remain at par under a stringency like the present one? Spare the country the wildcat currency and a single gold standard, Mr. Cleveland.

If the present financial troubles is caused by "want of confidence" then the present financial system must be based largely on confidence. The people want something better than partisan and shadowy confidence, they want a financial system based on cash. But the money power and the newspapers and politicians which belong to them, howl at that and say that it is wild and visionary and unsound.

Which side are you on?

We are now sending out blanks to one or more men in each county asking for the particulars in the election held last fall. If you do not get one and you know of any frauds, send to us for a blank. We want to hear from those who knows of any facts connected with the election that ought to be published and ventilated before them to us.

Several years ago when the Republicans were in power, the whole Democratic party was clamoring for the coinage of silver. Now that the Democratic party is in power it is opposed to free coinage. Why is this? The gold bugs were running the Republican party then. They are running the Democratic party now.

The Sherman silver law put $4,500,000 a month in circulation. The Democrats forced that law on the Republicans to prevent the passage of a free coinage bill. They are now trying their own work and want to demonetize silver by repealing the Sherman law and putting nothing in the place of it.

The financial issue is the real "paramount question" and the tariff is a secondary consideration, the last presidential election was carried upon fraudulent pretenses. The tariff was made paramount and the questions sent to the rear. The people have not forgotten these things.

The politicians just now beginning to see that the politicians meant last fall what they said for the people. They have got into office, therefore they have no relief and they think everybody else has or don't care. The people only after "relief" for themselves.

Some now say that it is want of confidence that is ruining the country. There is something in that. It is because the people are losing confidence in Democratic pledges, that the real trouble was TOO MUCH CONFIDENCE in them last fall.

Can you now think of the best government the world ever saw?

UNCLE GROVER AND KING AHASUERUS.

Going to the White House uncalled always was a perilous venture, it seems. Queen Esther, 500 years B. C., said: "All the king's servants, and the people of the king's provinces, do know that whosoever, whether man or woman, shall come unto the king into the inner court, who is not called, there is one law of his to put him to death, except such to whom the king shall hold out the golden sceptre that he may live."

Mr. Postmaster General Bissell admitted Mr. Rose and Congressman Greedy without ceremony in primitive American style. But on the 8th of May Mr. Cleveland, filled with the spirit of Ahasuerus the king, promulgated a similar law, closing the White House in the face of those who thought that they were THE people, and sought to be the servants, of the king, also. The Persian king threatened physical death, the magnificent American would kill politically. Since the days of Ahasuerus, who comes nearer "settin' back on his fetlocks" than your uncle Grover!

"A VOTER" SEES IT NOW.

MR. EDITOR:—I want to thank you for your editorial in last week's issue. I refer to the editorial headed "The folly of putting new wine in old bottles." I got from it an idea that you might have expressed, or rather your editorial suggested to me an answer to a question that I have asked myself and that has puzzled me now for nearly a year. It is why the old party bosses are ready to accept almost any reform the people demand and to put it in their party platforms, but that when the people dare to act independently and fight for these same reforms that the same bosses and politicians declare that the reforms are bad and vicious? I see it now. They are willing to put our reforms in their platform, if we will elect them to office, for then they will never carry them out or only pretend to do so. But when the people talk about electing to office men (who don't belong to the machine) and who might honestly try to carry out these reforms, then the men are bad and the reforms are worse. I see it all now.

Yours to the end, A VOTER.

WANTS DEMOCRATIC FREE SCHOOLS.

The Charlotte Observer, after raising a calamity howl about the condition of the free schools, says:

"This lamentable state of affairs must be remedied if we ever expect our State to be prosperous down to the very core; if we expect to keep our country children from growing up believing in the dangerous nonsense of Third party teachings—and other such fallacies, which their fathers believe because the State never provided for their education, but allowed them to grow up in ignorance."

If you will analyze the above it says (1) that the free schools don't do much educating but what it does do helps the "Third party," and (2) that since it has taught so many to join the "Third party" that if the Democratic party can not capture some of their sons, that it is "gone by the board." In short the Observer wants Democratic free schools, but if the schools should teach boys to be broad-gaged, and liberal in their views, if they should teach them to weigh all sides of every question, then the schools will be more than apt to help the People's party. Any way we are in favor of them.

There is a paragraph in the National Democratic platform favoring the repeal of the ten per cent. tax on State bank notes, but we observe that a good many Democrats, now that the election is over, are not standing on that plank. Nor is there reason why they should not do so.

There is also a plank denouncing the silver purchase act, but that is coupled with a declaration in favor of the free coinage of silver.

Free coinage may not now be practicable, and thus the utterance of the party on the silver question may not be a binding rule of action; this is not the case, however, in regard to the repeal of the ten per cent. tax. If that repeal is not practicable now, it never will be.—News & Observer.

Pray tell us why you think free coinage is not practicable now and when you think it will be?

We have been discussing the election law and showing how frauds could be committed under the law. Now please send us all the causes of fraud that occurred in your section.

It will be several weeks before we can begin the publication of the election frauds by counties. In the meantime, if you know any facts that ought to be published, write to us about it.

Getting "relief." That is what a politician means when he gets an office for himself.

GOL. HENRY WATTERSON'S SPEECH

AT THE GREAT QUADRANGULAR DEBATE IN PHILADELPHIA.

QUESTION: "WHICH OFFERS THE BEST PRACTICAL POLITICAL MEANS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WORKINGMEN OF THIS COUNTRY, THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, THE PEOPLE'S PARTY, THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, OR THE CHURCH?"

HE PRESENTS AN ABLE AND COMPLETE STATEMENT OF THE DEMOCRATIC SIDE.

LET EVERY VOTER READ IT WITH A FAIR AND IMPARTIAL MIND.

James M. Lingle, Esq., president of the Chatham Literary Union, said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—On behalf of the Chatham Literary Union I congratulate you upon having here to-night two of America's greatest editors, and with thanking the Philadelphia papers for co-operating with the Chatham Literary Union, and also saying that great credit is due to Walliam C. O'Neil for his untiring efforts in the interest and for success of these meetings I will announce that Col. McClure will act as chairman and will introduce Col. Wattterson. (Applause.)

Col. McClure said. Ladies and gentlemen, I am very glad indeed to be with you this evening, not only because of the occasion, but because of the man that fits the occasion, and I am further gratified to find this free Temple, for it is the freest of all our temples, and yet within all the sacred lines of its purpose. I am glad to see this free temple thrown open for a Democratic mass meeting for one night. (Applase.) Not because I am much of a Democrat myself but because I like intelligent, progressive people, such as these church people, who wish to hear all sides and to hold fast to that which is good and I am specially gratified to find the wordly wisdom that is beginning to mingle with our progressive church people, I mean the worldly wisdom that makes churches better, not demoralizes them, but makes them better.

For religion after all belongs to the world, and every condition of man, and every calling of human effort, and the closer the church gets to the world maintaining all its sanctity of religion, the more good it accomplishes, the better Christian it makes, and the more Christians it creates. I am glad to make this Temple a model, as a church in that regard, and I profoundly regret for religion needs a foundation of social order, and public safety everywhere, I simply regret that we have not more churches as broad, and as apostolic as this one. I am sure that the cause of the church would progress much better if it were so. I am happy to have the oportunity to present to you a gentleman who needs no introduction even here, where perhaps there are but few who have never heard of him, a man whose name is known not only in his state, not only in every state in the Union, but whose fame is international, not only as an editor but as an orator. The man whom you will hear with profound satisfaction, a man who will give good reasons for his faith, a man who will offend none who seek the truth, however they may differ from him. I know of no man who equals him in the two great efforts of pen and forum, and I present to you Henry Watterson. (Applause.)

MR. WATTERSON'S ADDRESS.

HENRY WATTERSON.

Ladies and gentleman, in that particular chapter of Irish History which was was reserved for the consideration of snakes, the historian feeling the solecism as well as the brevity of Irish wit, informs us that there are no snakes in Ireland. and I am afraid that on this occasian I shall have to emulate that flight of Celtic imagination. I find myself heralded to speak from a Democratic standpoint upon a question as to which party offers the best practical means for the benefit of the workingmen of the country.

If I am to discharge the duty thus assigned to me with fidelity, I must begin by repudiating the text altogether, because the Democratic party recognizes no means which will especially benefit one class over another, (Applause.)

The bell tower and buttress of its faith, the source and resource of its strength are laid in the declaration. "Freedom for all, especial privileges to none," (applause) which applied to practical affairs would deny to anybody that is styled "working men" associated together in a co-operative society. any means not open to every other association of a co-operative character, and to every individual citizen in the land.

But why, why in a country like ours should any body of men get together, call themselves working men, and claim as an exclusive property to themselves, something which is not shared by all their fellow citizens?

Why should any man claim for himself, and his life, the God given title of the working man? We are all working men. The patient, plodding scholar in his library surrounded by the luxuries and comfrots which his learning and labor have earned for him no less than the poor collier in the mines enveloped by darkness and squalor, yet if he be a true man having a little bird singing in his heart, the same song of hope and cheer which crowns the genious of Stevenson and Arkwright, and a long procession of inventors lowly born, to whom the greatest of the centuries owes its glorious achievements.

We are all working men. the banker, the merchant, the doctor, the lawyer, toiling day after day, and it may be well paid for their toil to minister to and to help the wants of time quite as much as the farmer and the farmer's boy, riding with a laugh to drive the team afield, and toiling with the land so rich that it needs but to be tickled with a hoe to laugh a harvest. "Having something of an audacious fancy I have sometimes in moments of exuberance ventured upon a conceit that the Jupiter tonaus, the American editor, seated upon his three-legged stool, clothed by awful majesty and mystery of his state, is a working man just as the poor lad in the city editor's room who braves the dangers of the midnight through the slums of the city, and the temtations of the town, yet carries with him a love of the work and hope of reward, fearing nothing except dishonor, and it may be blest by unseen hands from somewhere beyond the stars. Why even the office seeker at Washington begging for a tittle of that pie which, having got his slice, a cruel, hard hearted president would eliminate from the bill of fare, (laughter) even he is a working man and I can tell you a very hard working man, (applause) with a mighty tough job of work upon his hands, and were better and happier if he were breaking rock upon a turn pike in Dixie or spitting rails on a quarter section in the wild, wooly west. It is true as announced on the programme that I am a Democrat, (Lauanter) As Artemas Ward once said of the horse in his panorama, 'I can conceal it no longer," (laughter) that is to say, as good a Democrat as they have nowadays; (laughter) but I am also an American (applause) and I should like to accept the occasion and the subject onnounced for discussion with a little latitude, and instead of sticking close to the text, I should like to talk a little with you from the working men's standpoint, from the standpoint I mean of the universal working man, of some of the drifts and tendencies of American life as they relate to practical ways and means and to try to sum up the result if I can from a purely American standpoint.

No party can relieve any of us from the toil, the daily turmoil and toil by which each one of us lives and moves and has his being. Parties may claim to be able to do many things, but they cannot relieve individual men from their obligations and responsibilities involved with constant watchfulness which is equally the price of private character and popular liberty; so if you will allow me I would like to talk now a little as a patriot and not as a patisan, and when I have finished if you choose to call it a plea for the Democratic party, I shall not make any wry faces about it, or sue you for libel. (Laughter.)

Take—take the map of North America, and fix it in your mind's eye. Behold what an empire! Cæsar never looked upon the like. Napoleon in his wildest dreams conceived nothing so magnificent and vast. See how it takes up its line of travel with the north star, how it coasts along the frozen seas of Alaska and Labrador, how it sweeps around the capes of Newfounland, losing itself a moment in the mists, how it skips straight over her Majesty's dominion to deepen into the fine forests and granite hills of New Hampshire, with the inland oceans, those jewels, and and with great Niagara for its crown of diamonds How it journeys in vestibuled trains and palace coaches through the glorious north and the teeming south until dropping its rich fruitions into the gulf stream it fades at last into a vision of Paradise, under the southern amidst the silence and solitude of eternal summer. What a wealth is here to elevate the mind, to inspire the hear, to make us proud of our country and ourselves.

What historic memories crowd every foot of the way tracing the prowess of our land and race in the bones of heroes that reach to the borders of the iceland and the bones of heroes that have enriched the soil of the Montezumas making in peace and war in the triumphs of the field, and in the nobler achievements of the laboratory, and the workshop, the progress of a people who have already revolutionized the New World and put the old world to blush, and destined ultimately to draw to themselves all the resources of the earth and air and all the powers of man in his State of final and complete development.

Is there anything to mar the prospect? Is there anything to darken the scene and dim the light? Is there anything across the great highway of the future to obstruct our march of triumph to glory as a nation and a people?

Yes, I think that there is, and if I should be required to classify them I would put them into two geographical descriptions, Canada and Mexico. Yes, Canada and Mexico. Canada, Canada, the easy land of gentlemen who have more money than legal rights, or moral title to it; Mexico, the flowery home of gentlemen without money and without any virtue to speak of.

In the olden time a gentleman possessed of shady notions about meum and teum, or a gentleman who had made himself responsible for a funeral not wholly sanctioned by the law, found easy retreat on that side of the Rio Grande. You will remeember that the attorney heard from the client the full particulars of an homicide he advised the survivor to fly, and the client was most indignant. "What, fly!" said he. "Ain't I already in Texas?" The lone star has deepened into forty-four stars since then, so now the excursionist who would escape the blandishments of the court and the importunities of the sheriff, must put the Sierras between himself and the official civilties, or else go to Candada direct, which on account of its accessibility I suppose, seems to have been greatly of late in favor of those who have had to do with curious checks and have no rime to wait for passports, so I say I use the terms Canada and Mexico as geographical expressions of a thought that irresistibly calls before us the bold embezzler and the genial defaulter, to say nothing about the obliging but absconding cashier of the savings bank and the dear, delightful custodian of the trust fund that is no more, but not as terms of offense or reproach against them, too friendly neighbors; but as in the case of Texas, they will one day rap at our outer gates for admission into our sisterhood of states. (Applause.)

I am going to talk a little about what seems to me the greatest of all the dangers that overhang our condition, operating upon the workingmen of all classes, rich as well as poor. I mean the intense love of money. An influence felt at Washington and Harrisburg, and I suppose occasionally in Philadelphia.

Now I am sure there is no one here tonight old enough to have invaded an apple orchard or robbed a watermelon patch, who has not many a time and oft reflected what a great thing is it to have plenty of money. All of us have turned that matter over in moments of reflection, dejection and embarragment. Seeing in our day dreams a fairy ship coming over from India, building castles in the air. On the proceeds of the sale of the cargo, or in those deeper and more desponding dreams of the night, when sleep is wont to triumph overtoil and care, and the wheels of fancy going round and round the darkened chamber, have thrust us the lucky number in the phantom lottery. Who has not thought of the good he would do with it, of how he would minister here to the wants of the poor, and there to the needs of his friends? What spendthrift that has not paid his debts off from the usufruct of his vision? How many a child millionaire ever pressed about by want and sorrow and wretchedness, though relatively poor in money as I call things alas in life, except wealth, and it is relatively—what rich man encumbered by his possessions, yet unable to meet the demands of his conscience and his creditors, but has wished a thousand times over that money was a vision, and only a vision?

I say that money is relative, and it is very relative. The circumstances which ought to bring considerable comfort to those of us who do not happen to have a great deal of it. and the man who has ten million dollars cuts a very poor figure by the side of a man who has one hundred or one hundred and fifty millions, whilst the poor creature who has a measly million is regarded by these as a kind of a pauper. (Laughter.) The man who has a hundred thousand dollars' income and a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' of wants, is worse off than the man who has nothing and wants his dinner. (Laughter.)

There are men living in the great money centers who contrive by dint of the closest economy to eke out a scanty livelihood on fifty thousand dollars a year, but these men cannot imagine how it would be possible for anybody to get on. let us say np here in the northern part of Philapelphia, on less than twenty-five thousand dollars a year, whereas I have an impression if I should go out into this audience with a search warrent, I might be able to find a few of you who might make both ends meet on half that sum. But money is not only relative; it is full of illusions and delusions. From the poor creature who is sure he will get it somewhere, he don't exactly know how, and don't much care, and who goes into debt on the strength of his expectations, to the poor creature who has no hope in particular, but who is solvent, from the wan women in the attic waiting for the letter that never comes, to the brave and houest lad by the furnace, who believes that the hammer in his hand is a wizzard's wand as it often is, and who never means to let go until he has struck a fortune out of the earth; from the capitalists in the counting house to whom money is a means to solve the problem always presenting itself to those people. prince, peasant, philosopher, warrior, statesman, all of them have at one time been struck by that golden rod that has brought so much happiness and so much wretchedness into the world, and will continue to do so as long as the world endures. For money is the great material fact, the pivot about which all other facts revolve, the piston-rod which drives all else, whether we accept the teachings of the New. Testament and regard the love of it as the root of all evil or the fact presented by socialism that money has to be got into the pockets, no man can afford to disregard it, or leave it out of his account.

Bacon calls it the baggage of virtue, but even he a lmits it is the one thing universally used, coveted and reviled. All men affect to hold it alike, all men secretly hanker after it. For my part, though not as a rule given to the Pharisaical mood, I am sometimes disposed to thank God that to me it has been at all times an instrument and not an end.

Now I never was happier in my life than when to avoid the humiliation of borrowing from an uncle whose politics I did not approve (laughter) I went with my watch to an uncle who had no polities at all, and got the money; (laughter). But I never knew what it was to be thoroughly unhappy until I had acquired a considerable income, with its accumulation of want, and was brought into close personal intimacy with those charming friends of a man who had what they call credit in bank. Mr. Promissory Note, and Messrs. Renewal & Discount, etc.. nevertheless it is a good thing to have plenty of money honestly obtained, and a still better thing if this money be honestly applied.

The camel's passege through the needle's eye may have been easier in those old days than a rich man's entrance into the kingdom of Heaven, particularly, if it happened to be a very small camel and a very large needle, but on the other hand there must have been many a rich man gone to heaven, for we have the record of many a good one here on earth, men who have served God and loved their fellow men, and given freely of their store to the needy and the poor. I should hate to think that money is a positive bar to salvation, and that it is a natural sin to seek and gain much of it, but it is undoubtedly true that the possession of money will harden and corrupt ten times to the one time it elevates and ennobles. The man who trades in money is apt to take on some of the brittleness of the metal composing it, and he gets in time to measure everything and everybody by that metallic standard; it is his business in life to rub two dollars together to make three of them, or perhaps four, five or six. Capital, we are told, is timid; that is because it has no heart in it, but has eyes and ears, and it makes up for its lack of courage by carefulness that rarely trusts except on good security, but never tires evcept when the debt is past and is always suspicious of the holder. How many a good fellow have I known turned into a bad fellow by the possession of money. How many a generous fellow who has entered a bank all grace to come out all gold, and how few instances of the possession of money has enlarged the mind and amplified the soul. Our literature is full of illustrations, some of them humorous and some of them pathetic, showing the evils that wealth has brought to indiyiduals and family; but we need not these fictitious examples; we are constantly met in our own daily walks by instrances that point the moral and adorn the tale of great expectations coming to naught by actual realization and delightful visions of fancy turned to afhes and dead sea fruit in the hands of possession.

It is my belief that the world has been much misled by some of its best maxims, or rather let me say by the misinterpretation of its most accepted maxims.

For example, there is none of those that appears in so many languages and puts itself in such a variety of phrase as that which urges us to persevere in all thing. Perseverance, we are told, conquers all things. Then we are told that labor conquers all things. Then we are told that love conquers all things No perseverence will divert any man from the uses to which he was born. Labor wont change a clod into a painter or a poet; and love, full as it is of enjoyment and power, never made a silk purse out of a cow's ear, though sometimes very young people think so. (Laughter) Perseverence may be misdirected and so become vicious; labor may be misapplied, and so wasted; and love may make another hero—often a false victim to its own excesses. How often have we seen a man start out in life saying I will be rich; I will sacrafice everything to riches or I will be famous; I will sacrifice everything to fame, who has found before the journey was half over not only that none of the material things of life bring happiness, but that happiness itself shirts its foot from time to time, that failing utterly to please and satisfy us at five and forty which delighted us at five and twenty. Oftenest the sacrifices made, and failure, and even the wine cup of success is attained, how it fails to bring us what we expected. And I think it a lesson that the poorest workingman needs to learn very early in life.

An eminent public man once said to me in the presence of a great domestic bereavement, "I was elected to the senate of the United States when I was just turned thirty, but by an act of treason of a supposed friend I lost my seat some three years later, and from that day to this, for the last fifteen years, my one aim in life, and the whole aim and object of my existence has been to get that seat back again, and at last that wish has been fulfilled, and what does it matter after all?

I once heard president of the United States say: "I was a candidate for twenty years; regularly every four years my state sent a delegation to the national convention to urge my nominatin, and regularly every four years they came away beaten and disappointed: and at last when I had given it up, when it had no longer any power to influence or charm me; when all the friends I loved and wanted to reward were dead, and most of the enemies I hated and had marked for punishment were turned my friends, I was nominated and elected. And here I am, an old man, full of care and trouble, with scarce one joy on earth.

You all remember how at the very zenith of their eminence and fame, both Webster and Clay deplored the fact that they had ever entered public life at all. To the unthinking multitude they were in the possession of all that could lighten and brighten and accompany old age, "honor, obedience and troops of friends." But those things were nothing in their sight; each of them had fixed his heart upon one object—the White House—and failing of that each of them saw himself a beaten and broken old man defeated in the race of life, and cheated out of something which he had brought himself to believe honestly belonged to him.

A little while before the death of Mr George D. Prentiss he said to me, "If Mr. Clay had been elected president he would have been the wretchedest man that ever lived, because he would have been proven the biggest liar that ever lived." How was that, Mr. Prentiss? I asked. "Why, sir," said the old jouralis, "Mr. Clay was a candidate and aspirant for the presidency during quite thirty years; he was an ardent and an impulsive man, with a genius for making friends and he plastered the public service over three ply deep with promises came to maturity and were presented for payment and he realized the situation, it would have embittered his life and broken his heart."

I am so far sincere in feelling the reproof in this regard; true that I rather think a young fellow in love with a girl that is pretty hard to get at had better leave her alone, and seek him a wife somewhere else. (Applause). There must be away down in the femine intuition some potent intuition that stands in the way of the lover, but when as the saying is, "she marries him to get rid of him," he better look out for the future. And I am now talking chiefly to that branch of workingmen who have to work from the ground up. We are constantly fixing our hearts and hopes upon the possession of life, as money, or office, or an establishment, or a wife, and thinking of success—therefore success in life may be a failure—therefore a failure in life relatively, may be a success, and to know the truth in advance is to know that it is the very object from which they would start back in horror.

Success in life is happiness, and the sucdessful man, the happy man, is a man that believes his own wife the best woman in the world, (applause) that the vine-covered cottage he calls his own is the dearest spot on earth, (applause) and he would not swap his ragged, red-headed, frowzled brats for the dressed and best looking kids that could be produced in his neighborhood. (Applause.) Essential as the material things of life are to happiness and comfort, they do not of themselves bring happiness and comfort. Millions of money wont save a sensitive man from the tortures of a sore toe, (laughter) and infinite fame wont save a proud man from the torments of a debt he is unable to pay. Happiness is a creation of the mind and the heart, and not of the stomach or pocket. and that brings me back to what I was saying awhile aga about Canada and Mexico, or rather let me say of some of our great neighbors and friends who have found those countries so attractive that they have gone to pay them indefinite visits.

Do you know for many of these men I have a sympathy which I cannot repress, and which I would not repress if I could. I do not believe every man who has come short in his accounts is necessarily a scoundrel. I don't believe every refugee must needs be a thief at heart; on the contrary, I believe that if the truth could be got at it would be found in many cases that down to the very hour of flight there was an honest effort and purpose to repair, done in the most sanguine expectation, or in a moment of despair. In cases of official delinquencies, how often that springs from the neglect of the official to keep his public and private accounts separate and distinct, and of a sudden he discovers a discrepancy and promises to make it good. A year passes, the gap is wider still, he takes the risk and of course then he makes the fatal plunge; down he goes into the vortex. Even under the ordinary cases of breaches of trust we encounter in our daily experience, how often they spring from good intentions to which the world applies with a very short name which is supposed to be paved. Indeed the gambling mania seems to be universal, and the gambler never expects to lose.

There is always before his mind's eye the mirage of that caiptal prize in the lottery of life, or that winning hand in the game of his choice and even among those who habitually play for money it has been observed that when they win they laugh, and swear when they lose, just as if it was not a certainty when they set down to the table—it must be one or the other, striking out from the result any possibility of surprise, one would suppose such persons ought to be more stoical but it is not so. Each sitting is to them as though their last, and no man expects to lose and when he does he is correspondingly angry. he only expects to win and what a fatal mistake does the man make who lays his hand upon that which he cannot honestly call his own.

I know something about that myself. (laughter) When I was a boy I was elected by my school mates one of the editors of a periodical of our literary society, and by successive reelections term after term the management of that ambitious serial came into my hands. I was editor, managing editor, secretary and treasurer, a very bad combination, whenever they are found. Well, one morning when I awoke to discover it was just at the moment when I was required to bring in my official report, it always happened so, and I found I lacked $4.50 of enough to balance my books. Well, I didn't have the money, I had spent it, and what was worse I had overdrawn my own private account. I was simply aghast, and I laid the whole night in alternate anguish and speculation, and rose in the morning haggard, and the result was I went directly to the guardian angel who had charge of my fiscal affairs and made a clean breast of it. "What is the amount of that defalcation?" says he, "Four dollars and fifty cents," I gasped. I shall never forget, I can see it at this moment, the queer, quizzical, half threatening expression that came over this lordly Hamlet when he handed me a check and said, "There my dear boy, there is five dollars, it is an ugly piece of business, but don't let it happen again." And it never has. (Applause)

Among those persons who appropriate money to their own use that don't belong to them, it seems to me that the worst is the man who has posed as a pillar of the church, or masqueraded as a model of commercial integrity. He not only robs those who have trusted him, but has added hypocracy to felony, and committed a great moral crime in that he breaks down the moral faith in human nature.

I recollect an old episode of this kind that happened a few years ago in a board of directors in a bank, in one of our great cities, where it was discovered that a member of the board had dupheated warehouse receipts to a considerable amount, borrowed of the bank on these collaterals. His friends raised the money, paid the note and the matter was hushed up. Not however, without the earnest protest of two other members of the board, who thought, that it was right, that it was compounding a felony, that it was not fair to turn such a scamp a loose upon any religious community. However, their moral susceptibility finally yielded to entreaty and the money was raised and the notes were paid, and the matter ended. Six months later one of those protesting moralists fled to Mexico leaving behind him one hundred thousand dollars worth of dupliceted warehouse receipts. His surviving partner in morality was shocked beyond description and went about wringing his hands, and denouncing the villiany right and left. Six months more passed and this gentleman's turn came around and he fled to Canada, leaving behind him half a million of money raised on bogus security. Now what do you suppose came to pass? Why, the original sinner, the man who had been saved from ruin through generosity of his friends, a prosperous merchant now actually served as the foreman of the grand jury that indicted the other two. (Applause and applause.)

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

OUR POSITION.

It may be well to define our position more definitely with regard to political parties. In our salutatory last fall we stated that this paper would be an independent nonpartisan journal. Upon this position we stand and shall continue to stand. By the terms "non-partisan" we don't mean to say we will not suppost or labor for any party. It is every man's duty (and a very sacred one too) to exercise the rigtht of franchise. But by the term "non-partisan" we mean to convey the meaning that the paper is not the organ of nor does it BELONG to any party. It will not sanction a wrong in the party it supports, but will condemn such even though it should have the effect to weaken the party, and we will not uphold everything a party does unless we are convinced that it is right. A party that cannot maintain a foundation upon TRUTH and HONESTY should be wiped out of existence. We are opposed to machine politics. We believe the people should rule instead of machine politicians. Our highest aim and purpose is to assist in reestablishing true democracy upon American soil. We believe that the Omaha platform embodies the essential principles of democracy and in them is found the only hope for a dying republic. They are practically the same demands as formulated by the Farmers' Alliance. Upon them all labor organizations are partically a unit, and against them the enemies of democracy are a unit. We believe that, when crystallized into law, these principles will loose the grip of corporations and usury upon labor and alleviate the sufferings of the toiling millions, which were brought about by unjust and daibolical legislation against the many and in favor of the few. We further believe that the only practically and effective course for labor to pursue in order to bring about the reforms set forth in the labor platform is to support the only party that has as yet espoused our cause—the People's party. In supporting this party we do so simply as a method and not an object. As before stated our highest aim is the elevation and advancement of the interest of the yeomanry of this country which are the staff and support of the nation.—Our Home.

ANOTHER DEMOCRAT GOT THE RELIEF HE WAS HUNTING.

Another North Carolina man has got the "relief" promised by the present administration. W. W. Scott, editor of the Lenoir Topic, is the man. He has a position in the Treasury Department and already thinks "times are better."—Prog. Farmer.

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"TONEY" JOE.

Whether in a democracy or in an OCHLOCRACY, (which Worcester defines to be a goverument by the multitude), the government is a republic, a commonwealth, a thing too common, wherein the masses possess and exercise the sovereign power. In an aristocracy, the power is exercised by nobles, the principal persons in the State.

When "Toney" Joe of the Argus—("'Tis Argus o'er the people's rights
Doth an eternal vigil keep;
No soothing strain of Maia's son
Can lull its hundred eyes to sleep!")

When Toney Joe of the Argus, the aristocratic ring-master of the Tobe Stevens combination, had touched up his animal to sign another anti-alliance letter in his paper of May 25th, he took occasion to remark, with all the fervor of one commenting upon his own offspring, "If anyone can read its irrefutable statements of facts and longer give heed or sustenance to the conscienceless Third partyites—the OCHLOCRATS—who seek to lead the people away from right principles for their own personal gain, it will indeed be passing strange. The days of the Ochlocrats are numbered in North Caro'ina,—and their number is VERY FEW." Coming from an Irishman, one who advocates Ochlocratic Home Rule for the liberty-loving Ochlocrats in his fatherland, Toney Joe's deliverance is remarkable. It suggests a suspicion that, after all, he doesn't own the show, but feeling proud in new spring livery he, like all servants, apes the manners and affects the sentiments of his aristocratic masters. These sentiments he utters with the precision of a parrot: the people, voting with the Democratic party, are democrats, justly exercising the suffrage; these same people, voting against the Democratic party, are Ochlocrats, "a mob," from whom the suffrage may as justly be withheld. Such is the logic of his utterance. If "the days of the Ochlocrats are numbered in North Carolina," evidently we are come to the days of the Aristocrats, established against the popular will through election frauds that disgrace the fair name of the State. Democracy and Aristocracy cannot exist together. The Democratic party should either change its name or return to its bedrock principles which Jefferson wrote in the Declaration of Independence. The people are going to rule; and instead of foolishly trusting the hundred-eyed Argus to keep eternal vigil o'er their rights, they've concluded to let it go to sleep and they'll watch a while themselves.

"THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE CENT DOLLAR."

Under the above head the St. Louis Republic writes the following editorial a few days since. The Republican is one of the largest and most influential Democratic papers in the great West. If that paper means what it says and has the courage to stand to it even in a campaign, then the fight between the Eastern and Western Democracy that must soon come will be a "battle royal." No Northern or Eastern paper, Democratic or Republican, could be induced to write such an honest, manly and truthful editorial. It will be noticed that this editorial is on the same line as the article from Mr. W. J. Peele, which we published last week, and which The World and Constitution refused to publish. This is Democratic testimony:

"The people of the West and South are in debt for such an immense sum that figures can convey to the mind no adequate idea of its immensity. It is a debt in which the unit is the thousand of millions. Although it was forced on them by discriminating legislation and by an abuse of power which has never been exceeded in the history of civilization, they mean to pay it dollar for dollar, and one hundred cents on the dollar in dollars worth one hundred cents. What they will not do is to pay it in dollars of one hundred and twenty-five cents. A most determined effort is being made with an immense power behind it to force them to settlement on that basis, but they will never accept it. There is nothing conceivable that they will not rather accept than submission to such intolerable injustice.

Under the existing financial system it is impossible to do business on a basis that even approximates that of cash. The credit basis cannot be avoided, and the people of the entire country are forced into debt. In New England itself, with all its boasts of money in savings banks, the common people are virtually owned by a few money lords. The mortgage debt of Rhode Island (on farms and homes only) has reached a total so extraordinary that it gives the remarkable average of $530 for every family in the State, making an interest tax per family which will average higher than the tax levied by the State itself for all purposes.

Extraordinary as is this debt, it is exceeded by that of Western States. The average farm and home debt per family is $630 in Nebraska, $850 in Kansas, $520 in Iowa and $500 in Illinois.

The statistics of the Porter census are far from being complete, but they will show, if they show the truth, that the common people of the Northeast are being crushed by the same despotism that is grinding us on this side the mountains. Millions of people have been forced into debt to less than 50,000 capitalists who control more than half of the entire wealth of the country; who have dictated financial legislation; who now say that the thousand of millions of debt on which they are drawing interest from the labor of the country must be settled, principal and interest, at the rate of a hundred and twenty-five cents on the dollar. This is what they mean by "an honest dollar," and if anyone challenges their right to collect on this debt, in addition to interest, at least one-fourth more than the amount of the original loan, they are glib in calling him a repudiationist and are already in the mood to buffet him in the face if he dares resist them by showing the dishonesty and the extortionate nature of their claims.

The issue is one which cannot be avoided and which cannot be compromised. It will be settled and settled right."

NOTES TAKEN ON THE TRAIN.

The writer was on the cars two days recently and took notes of some of the things he heard and saw.

* * *

On the seat in front of us sat two men. They were discussing their experience in getting bills through the Legislatures. Mr. A. said well did you have any trouble in getting your bill through with the consolidation clause in it this time. Mr. B.—No, a few raised objections to it but the majority of this crowd were all right. I ought to have had better sense than to have tried to get the bill through 2 years ago, but Senator —— told me that he could slip it through for me. There were some fellows in that Farmer's Legislature who were smart enough to catch on to anything.

* * *

On a seat on the opposite side of the car sat a lady who was returning from the Commencement of one of our fashionable Female Colleges. She was talking to a gentleman in a seat behind her. She was discussing some school for girls (we could not catch whether it was the Normal and Industrial school or some other) where the girls were required to do some industrial work. She said that she did not like that kind of thing at all. That it would do, though, for common girls who would have to work for a living. The gentleman then asked her where her daughter was who graduated last year. She oh, Evelyn was so delicate and was so exhausted from her Commencement duties that she had to stay and rest a few days before she was equal to the exertion of riding home.

* * *

We went forward in the smoking car. We took a seat behind two traveling men who were discussing the enormous number of failures. Mr. A. said that it was a bad break of Reynolds in Winston want it?

Mr. B.—I have not heard the particulars, tell me about it.

Mr. A.—Why he broke for $100,000.

Mr. B.—How much were his assets?

Mr. A. I think about $160,000.

Mr. B.—How is this?

Mr. A.—Well you see he has enough property to leave him a fortune above his debts, but he had to raise some money and could not do it. He could not get it from the bank or any where else even on gilt edge securities.

Mr. A.—I have heard of a number of failures of that kind. What is the remedy for this state of affairs?—we are bound to have more money.

Mr. B.—Yes we must have more money or half of the business enterprises of the country will go to the wall. But I guess Cleveland will fix it all right. I see he is going to call an session of Congress to repeal the silver law.

At this point we leaned forward and said: My friend, does not the present silver law add $4,000,000 a month to the amount of money in circulation every month?

Mr. B.—Yes I believe it does.

We then said, my friend if this is true, will not the money pressure be $4,000,000 a month tighter than it is now if the silver law is repealed.

Mr. B.—Well I don't know about that, but I believe Cleveland will fix it all right.

The Charlotte Observer claims that it is want of sense and education that causes men to champion such "heresies" as government control owner ship of railroads and all public monopolies which are now used for private gain, Does the Observer mean to say that Gov. Elias Carr has more sense and education than Capt. S. B. Alexander. Was it due to the great mental power and wisdom of Gov. Carr that caused him to write his article last spring against that plank of the St. Louis demands? And was it due to mental depravity and gederal ignorance that caused Capt. Alexander to take his stand on the other side?

THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

DEMOCRATIC DISHONESTY OR IGNORANCE—WHICH? NO EXPECTATION OF TARIFF REFORM OR FREE COINAGE OF SILVER—THE PARTY HOPELESSLY DIVIDED.

AN EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS TO REPEAL THE SHERMAN SILVER LAW—DEMOCRATS COERCED BY THE ADMINSTRATION.

The Next Congress, it is Predicted, Will be an Ignominious Failure.

WASHINGTON, June 5, 1893.

It is not easy to draw the line between dishonesty and ignorance in party leaderships. Both are reprehensible. The people have been deceived either through the dishonesty or ignorance, or both (which is most likely) of the politicians of both the old parties. The Democratic party was either dishonest or ignorant in its late "tariff reform" campaign. It has either ignorantly or knowingly deceived the people. Once it got its power it promised to make short work of "the McKinley bill." It promised solemly to tear it up "root and branch." How has the promise been kept? It is now in complete and absolute control of every branch of the Government. The first and only logical step was an immediate session of Congress in March. It was not ordered. The people, naturally, were disappointed and indignant. What extenuation has been offered? None whatever. If the McKinley bill was "highway robbery" during the campaign it is "highway robbery" now, and every day the Democratic party ignores its pledges to repeal it, it is *particeps criminis* in robbing the people—from the Democratic standpoint. Have the people been deceived by these promises? It looks very much that way. Who now hears a word about the "tariff robbery?" And why not? The truth ought to be known. The game didn't work.

The Democrats got more than they wanted. The result of the election was a great surprise to the Democratic party. Democratic leaders not only expect to receive control of the United States Senate, but they expected to lose the House of Representatives and the Presidency. They made promises in their desperation which they perfectly well knew they could never keep, and which they never intended to observe. If by luck or chance they should control the House, it was their intention to formulate an extreme tariff measure which, of course, they knew would meet its death in the Republican Senate. They were prepared to try the old game once more of deceiving the people. But there is an end to all things. The country ought to rejoice that the Democrats are now masters of the situation.

THEY MUST NOW ACT.

They promised to repeal the McKinley bill, will they do it? The first opportunity has passed unheeded. When Mr. Cleveland refused to call Congress together for this purpose he gave the lie to Democratic promises. It is true an extra session may be convened sometime in September, but for what purpose? Ostensibly for tariff legislation, but in reality to repeal "the Sherman silver law!" It is perfectly safe to say that but for the financial situation there would be no session of Congress until December. It is the one great peril that confronts the peace and prosperity of this country. Mr. Cleveland recognizes the fact, and in doing so concedes the advance position taken by the Reform press and thinkers. But what a difference it makes whence the policy eminates? In blazing the way for Mr. Cleveland the Reform press has been denounced as "calamity howlers," "lunatics" and "fanatics."

So Congress will be asked to repeal "the Sherman silver law." Who heard that it was the great issue during the campaign? Who now honestly believes that it is responsible for the financial distress that threatens the money centers with disaster and the country generally with bankruptcy?

A PLAIN DUTY.

The remedy is too plain for any ordinarily intelligent man to be misled in the application of it, and it is too plain for the people of the country to be longer deceived about it. The plain duty of the Democratic party now is to put silver where it was in 1870. It was the money of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Adams, Clay and Jackson. It was the money of the PEOPLE. Make it money again. Repeal every law enacted on the subject since 1870. It can be done in fifteen minutes—without debate or argument. Everybody understands it. But will Mr. Cleveland advise this course? Never. Will the Democratic House and Senate do it? Never. The National Democratic platform demands "free coinage," yes. But a National convention and a Democratic Congress are two entirely distinct organizations. The Democratic party is as hopelessly devided on a financial policy as it is on a tariff policy.

THEY ARE HEDGING.

Already the free coinage" Democrats are trimming their sails. They say "we will vote to repeal the Sherman law provided you give us something better in its place." It is worse than school boy talk. The truth is they are afraid of the President. The administration has made it a question of patronage.

CONGRESSMEN COERCED.

A Virginia Congressman said to me to-day, "I am afraid to say that I will not vote to repeal the Sherman law. It will put me in opposition to the Administration and that means my political death. It will be time enough when Congress meets for me to declare my position. By that time the patronage in my District will have been disposed of and I will be free to speak my sentiments and vote my convictions. "Now this man is not a coward physically or morally, yet he is doing a cowardly thing. Why? He expects the patronage in his District to re-elect him to Congress. Of course it is denied that any such coersion is being used, but it is clear enough to anybody here who watches the appointments.

A PREDICTION.

I predict now that the next Congress will be the most ignominious failure in the history of American politics. JONATHAN EDWARDS.

It seems that if Mr. Cleveland had unlimited patronage that he would have unlimited influence over Congress.

WORLD'S NEWS IN BRIEF.

STATE.

A Big Industry.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., June 17.—In one day last week the Charlotte Oil and Fertilizer works shipped 500 barrels of cotton seed oil, 400 bales of cotton linters and 500 tons of cotton seed meal, amounting in all to 50 carloads. The next day 500 barrels of oil were shipped, and they are still shipping.

No State Fair in North Carolina.

RALEIGH, June 17.—It is possible that there will be no state fair held at Raleigh this year Secretary Ayer says that the delay of the railroad authorities in answering questions concerning rates for transportation has caused him to postpone publication of the premium lists and has frustrated his plans for making improvements at the grounds.

Where Farming Pays.

RALEIGH, June 17.—While F. H. Hinson of Clear Creek township, Mecklenburg county, was plowing in his cotton field he found a lump of gold weighing 27 penny weight. After selling it for $22 he returned to the field to plow some more.

Genuine Indian Relics.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., June 17.—A farmer named Mack Hail, while plowing in Gaston county, plowed up a dead Indian. The bones and trinkets were brought to Charlotte and sold as relics.

Wadesboro Messenger-Intelligencer: Last Sunday morning the horrible news was brought to this place that Mr. Richard Crowder, of White's Store township had been found dead in his pasture, and that his body had been partially devoured by hogs. He was in town only a few days before the terrible catastrophe, apparently in his usual health, and it was hard to realize that such a fate had overtaken him. The dead man's brothers, ex-Sheriff J. A. Crowder and Mr. Joe Crowder, both of this place, accompanied by Coroner E. F. Fenton, left for the home of the deceased as soon as possible after receiving the news of his death. An inquest was held over the remains and it was shown beyond all doubt that death was the result of natural causes There was no evidence whatever of foul play.——All sorts of crops are usually promising in this section for this time of the year.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.—Burglars entered the beer bottling establishment of D. R. Huggin Wednesday night of last week and cracked his safe, getting $1.730. They also entered the mills of J. D. McNeill, cracked the safe and got $200 and some valuable papers. No trace of the burglars has been discovered. A telegram says that the work was evidently done by professional safe crackers. Later.—The robbers, (two strangers) have been caught and lodged in jail.

Wilkesboro Chronicle: On the night of May 30th a fine new buggy and harness belonging to Major Pardue, of New Castle township, was taken from his yard and literally destroyed, afterwards thrown into the creek. It is suspicioned that the perpetrators of this outrage are the men whose blockade distilleries in that vicinity have recently been cut up by revene officers, and who charge Pardue with reporting them.

Newt Robinson was cut almost to death by his son Melvin, in Catawba county, a few days ago. Both men were drinking, and it is not known just how the row came about. The old man was badly carved up and is yet in a precarious condition. It is the third time his son has come very near killing his father, and he is now in jail under a $1,000 bond.

The Raleigh correspondent to the Wilmington Star says: "The movement for a monument over the remains of Col. L. L. Polk has been revived, and some liberal contributions have been promised. He had many warm frieds here, outside of political considerations.

A brick warehouse in Wilmington, owned by Wm. Calder, and in which some three or four hundred bales of cotton was stored, was burned early last Saturday morning. Jos. B. Willard, a member of the fire department, was crushed by the fall of the building.

Washington Gazette: In two generations only two young people have died on Ocracoke. This is marvelous but true.——In two days last week one boat caught 2,500 pounds of trout at Ocracoke with hook and line.

Concord Standard: The fish are dying in the pond at the Cannon factory. The water is so hot that cooked fish are seen floating on the water's surface. This is due to waste steam being run in to the pond.

There is a good deal of old corn, wheat, cotton, and tobacco for sale in the old North State. The reason is, merchants buy of the foreign markets. Yet they cry patronize home industries.—Hickory Mercury.

A very destructive hail storm passed over Taylorsville, Alligahany county, the first of last week, totally destroying crops in many instances. The fruit crops are also badly damaged.

NATIONAL.

A telegram from Little Rock says that a passenger train and a stock train collided near Butler, I. T. on the 13th. Both engines and baggage and mail cars were telescoped and the car ditched. Amos Frame, engineer of the stock train, and his fireman were killed. The other fireman, named Stevenson, is missing, and Engineer James Gales, of the passenger train, is fatally injured. More than a score of persons are injured, and some may die.

ALBA, Mich.—A village of eight hundred population was totally destroyed by fire on Tuesday of last week.

Gen. A. W. Cambell died at his home in Jackson, Tenn., on the 13th of cancer of the throat.

CLIMBING UP! CLIMBING UP!!

The circulation of THE CAUCASIAN is climbing up daily. But we want it to climb faster and higher still. Now is the time to work. Let every reformer consider it his duty to help get the paper into the hands of the people. Get up clubs. Every one can help.

If you want to keep up with the procession you must read THE CAUCASIAN each week.

THE HIDDEN CITY.

By WALTER H. M'DOUGALL.

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(Chapter VIII Continued.)

Upon the day that Gilbert was to start the machinery of the mill the entire populace gathered at the riverside. In all the vast crowd standing there waiting there was not one incredulous observer, not one skeptical doubter of the success of the project, as there would have been in any other city on earth perhaps, but every man felt confident that its success was assured. They were there not to test nor criticise, but to see the triumphant beginning of a new era.

Gilbert did not feel the usual tremors of the inventor thrill his frame before this audience, for he knew that if the machinery failed to respond to the water's power the people would not be disappointed or doubtful; their ignorance of mechanics assured that, and any explanation would have sufficed them. But to make it certain he had tested it the evening before and knew that everything would work to his satisfaction, and he mounted the stone steps leading to the sluiceway with a confident smile accompanied by Lela, Iklapel, Kulcan and several of the principal citizens. Standing there beside the water gate, with his hand upon the long wooden bar which raised it, he turned to the multitude of upturned faces and said:

"My brothers, when I lift this gate you will begin to live in a new age. The past will be no longer with you. It will do in one day more than all your women, and they will rest and teach your children. We will make the river weave our cloth and water our fields and do other things for us in times to come. In the land from whence I come the elements are bound to our service and they toil for us night and day. And so they shall toil for you, for we shall go on and on until we have here in our city all that other lands have to make life pleasant and toil less arduous."

Then Iklapel stepped forward, and after waiting for the noisy outcry to subside spoke to them. He said:

"Our brother is right. He has told me many things of the fair land he lived in before he came to us. In that land there is no night, for they turn it into day with many suns and moons which they have made for themselves. They have made great monsters that work for them unceasingly; they can speak to each other afar off, even when they can not see one another; they make wood and gold and silver talk; they walk upon the water and under it, and they fly through the air like birds; they kill their enemies with their eyes and with thunder. We are glad that our brother has come to us. He is Quetzal, the long awaited, the restorer of Atzlan."

This speech of the aged high priest was greeted with tumultuous applause, but Kulcan's sharp eyes detected around Chalpa a group whose silence and peculiar looks denoted that there was some feeling among a few inimical to Gilbert and his ideas. He noted it with a mental resolve to investigate its meaning, but it passed from his mind a moment later as Gilbert raised the gate and the water rushed down the sluiceway and poured over the wheel.

For an instant it seemed to resist, as though the long ages of superstition, barbarism and ignorance were loath to relax their dead grasp, and then it slowly turned with a majestic motion and began to revolve easily and gracefully under the steady flow. Gilbert ran into the mill while the people stood in silent awe outside, and he saw the yellow grain pour out upon the stones, and in a few moments the meal, rich and tempting, appeared, and he called them all with a glad, triumphant shout to come and see it. They crowded in with rather timorous looks and gazed wonderingly upon the moving wheels and the golden meal pouring into the bins in steady streams, and they voiced their thanks most heartily. It was a touching sight indeed to Eric and to Lela, for it meant so much to them, with their minds filled, as they were, with plans for the good of the people of Atzlan.

That night they feasted, a merry gathering, and the principal viand was bread and cakes made from the new meal. It was delicious, perfect, and for a long time it was regarded by the people as almost sacred, but the steady outpour from the mill soon familiarized them with the product of its machinery, and as it entirely abolished the use of the laborious mortars and grinding stones it made the lives of the women less toilsome. This made him more of a favorite than ever among the women, and old Bari, the wife of Listah, idolized him. She came with her grain to the mill frequently and praised Eric's good deeds to the men in charge until they tired of her garrulity.

Listah had disappeared and secluded himself in order to fast, pray and become "epsu," or purified, by isolation from mankind, but where he had gone was a mystery that perplexed these two young men. Bari used enough meal for two, and they believed she was supplying her husband with food, yet they could not detect her taking it to him. It was the custom to tempt, annoy and disturb any "epsu" seeker in order to test his strength, and they desired to discover his whereabouts, but they failed, for garrulous as she was she could hold her tongue when she wished.

It was while they were plying her with vexatious questioning that they were overheard by Gilbert, who was surprised to find that Listah had taken up his vow as soon as he had laid away his crutches, and drawing the old woman aside he asked her to tell him where her husband was hiding, promising to keep her secret carefully. Bari looked at him with a knowing smile and replied:

"Quetzal knows full well where his servant Listah hides, waiting for the day that is to come when he will be needed. Why ask me, the old woman, when he knows his servant is under his feet, down in the dark halls beneath us, becoming purified and perfect? I take food to him from your mill every night, but he has not seen the sun for many days."

From this Eric readily divined that old Listah had taken refuge in the underground passages that were so generally avoided by the people. He wondered if Iklapel was aware of the priest's retreat, but he came to the conclusion that Listah had probably discovered some opening in one of the remote passages and remained near his base of daily supplies. He had certainly chosen a most secluded place to perform his vows, and he hoped he would be undisturbed.

I have said that Eric and his assistants were the only active workers in Atzlan during the long summer days. Every hour had its duties, and his labors kept him awake far into the night. He was compiling an Atzlan dictionary, studying the ancient records, making a collection of the fauna and flora of the canyon, making sketches of the people and their costumes, with notes upon their habits and customs; teaching Lela and Eltza the English language and the art of reading and writing during intervals in his regular occupations of furnace building, mining, milling and curing the few ills of a generally healthy populace.

He wore the Atzlan costume, for his own clothes had long ago become rags, and he felt himself as thorough an Atzlan as any man in the city, and when he saw the autumn come again and the harvest feasts were held he felt all the joy of a native. The people were more lively; they held games and weird dances every day, which interested him intensely in their esoteric significance, and the prospect was very satisfactory to him and to Lela and Iklapel. That his coming had been of immense benefit to the people he could see, and he felt a swelling of pride at the fact which was only quelled by the thought of what he could have accomplished with better facilities. He felt no desire to return to civilized life; he was willing to devote several years to the work of converting this city of the stone age into a modern borough of the stone age with all its improvements. With iron as his servant everything was possible, and in a few days iron would be forthcoming. Then for machinery, steam, electricity!

Meanwhile he had accomplished wonders. Hundreds of labor saving devices benefited the city: candles, soap, glazed pottery, spinning wheels, improved looms, beer, yeast, pulley hoists and many other valuable fruits of civilization had been introduced. While he was finishing his furnace he had made molds for casting plowshares, harrows, anvils, grates, axes, hammers and other implements of cast steel, and he viewed the outlook with supreme satisfaction. His iron works were some distance from the city—down in the canyon—where he had discovered the remains of ancient smelting furnaces forgotten long ages since and almost buried in the debris of the shaly cliffs. Remains like these have since been discovered in other parts of the region and show the facilities which the prehistoric races possessed for smelting and casting ores. The Atzlans had traditions only of the times when their forefathers mined and worked their ores. He had built as nearly perfect a Bessemer furnace as he could with his materials, and it promised great results.

He had erected a stone dwelling for himself outside the city walls in a wooded spot facing the river. On the approach of autumn he moved into it with all his belongings. It had three rooms, with modern fireplaces, and windows with glass of a poor quality, but a home product. The walls were hung with the great, gorgeously colored Atzlan blankets, and furs covered the antique pavement of the floor—a treasure rifled from an old portion of the city.

Iklapel had long before assigned to him a body servant named Jan-ila, a dark, active lad of twenty, Ainee's only brother, who cared for his wants with pious zeal. Jan-ila—or "Johnnie," as Eric was fond of calling him—slept in one of the smaller rooms, his master in another, while the larger apartment served as a general office, dining and council room. Jan was so apt a pupil that he outstripped both Kulcan and Iklapel in his knowledge of mechanics, arts and language under Eric's tuition, and of modern ideas he was a most eager imbiber.

All of Gilbert's reforms and improvements had been accomplished without in any manner usurping the functions which Iklapel exercised pending the election of a new governor. He had almost entirely left his priestly duties to Kulcan, who performed them with a laxity born of increasing distrust of the efficacy of the religion of his fathers. This the crafty Chalpa had observed, and he used it as a pretext for fomenting the fears of the priests. He painted in strong, fervid colors, and with potent logic, the decay of their ancient faith, the downfall of priestcraft and the loss of their fat livings. He so wrought upon their fears at every opportunity by these forceful pleas that he had already formed a fairly strong following.

Familiarity with Eric had lessened their awe while it had increased their admiration of him. They were already willing to abandon their belief in his divinity, and were beginning to realize that instead of a being from another world he was a man like themselves. The events which now occurred aided Chalpa's plans and strengthened his position as a candidate for the governorship. Both Iklapel and Kulcan were aware of a growing feeling among the priests in favor of Chalpa's candidacy, but they did not believe that he could gain adherents enough to affect the result of the election, which was to occur in the early spring, a week before the feast of the Katun. Eric and Iklapel had determined to divest this feast of its horrible, sacrificial, murderous character, and the old priest's powers were all bent in this direction while he left the electioneering to Kulcan.

All of the younger priests could be counted upon to favor his advanced views, but only a few of the elder could be expected to depart from a time honored and powerfully potent religious custom. While only a few of them had witnessed the last Katun feast, fifty-two years before, yet the barbaric rite had many firm adherents. The subject had been approached at great tribal meetings in the circular estufas, but it had been handled so carefully that even Iklapel could form no opinion of the strength of the new movement.

The blast furnaces had proved successful; men were even now grinding the new axes to an edge with intense eagerness and satisfaction, and every one of Eric's castings had turned out perfect, much to his delight. It was midwinter before they were finished, and his assistants had worked indoors and converted one part of the great tenement into a huge factory, where the crash of hammers upon anvils filled the air with a cheerful din, and the great, dim room, with its cobwebbed rafters black with the smoke of ages, was peopled with grimy figures hurrying here and there in the glare of the forges. Inquisitive, curious Atzlans crowded about the doors, wrapped in their blankets and furs, and cheered their fellow citizens, who worked not for wages, but for the benefit of their kind, under the tutelage of the strange visitant from the skies. Great things were prophesied for Atzlan in the coming spring by the gossips of the city.

One cold night Eric sat at his rude table, while Jan-ila lay stretched on a pile of furs before the fire, with his back to it, like a lean dog, when Iklapel entered the door. The old priest was enveloped in a colored blanket, and as he removed his fur head covering and seated himself upon one of the benches by the wall he said:

"The geese fly fast and thick to the north. The spring will come early."

"It will be welcome," replied Eric.

"Aye, and by none more joyfully than me," answered Iklapel.

"Yet it will be stormy," spoke up Jan-ila; "more stormy than ever spring was before in Atzlan."

"How do you know that?" asked Eric, with a gentle smile. "Where did you gain your weather wisdom?"

"I have heard much," he answered, sitting up, "and I have held my tongue because it is not meet that a boy should speak before his father, but I know that Chalpa fears that there will be no Katun, and he talks daily to the priests and sometimes to others as well. He is plotting mischief, for he walks abroad at night, wolf that he is. Ah, he distrusts me, and yet Jan-ila, the water rat, has crept near enough many and many a time to hear his words of hate and treachery! I remember the look his face wore on the day you saved my sister, and I know he hates and fears our Quetzal. Why I know not, except that he hates all things good and loves darkness.

"Today as I was hunting along the cliffs I heard voices, and walking softly in the light snow I came close to one of the old homes up there where no one dwells. The voices were within, loud and angry. I heard Chalpa speak. He said that unless we had a sacrifice we could hold no Katun feast; that he who opposed the Katun sacrifice was a foe to Atzlan and should die. Then there was disputing, but he silenced it and declared that the new governor must be of the old religion—a believer in the death gift and all old rites. He claimed that he had many votes among the people and the priests and could be elected, but the people must be stirred up to proclaim their desire for a great, glorious Katun, with a beautiful victim.

"Oh, his words made my flesh creep and my blood to boil. I longed for Quetzal's thunder death that kills afar off, but I held my peace and crept behind the rocks, for they began to come forth. There were twenty in there. Agzai, Bela, Quastit, Rakki-pisk, Bartzel-ai and Geia, the hunchback, were among them—the oldest of our fathers—and they silently went down in the twilight like murderers."

Upon closer questioning Jan-ila, whose memory was very remarkable, repeated the debate verbatim, and it was serious enough to cause Iklapel and Eric to look grave and anxious.

"What can we do?" the latter inquired.

Old Iklapel gazed into the fire for several minutes, then answered:

"I am in doubt, my brother. It is too soon to announce our plans or proclaim our views to the people. They are not ready yet. But Chalpa is gaining ground, I can see that, and he can cause us much trouble. I know not what to do."

"Kill him!" cried Jan-ila, looking at Eric. "Kill him as you did the snake and the great beast in the woods! Then he will no longer trouble you."

In the midst of his speech Jan-ila started and sprang noiselessly to the door. He peered up and down, across the moonlit space between the house and the river, and turning to those within whispered:

"I heard a sound. Some one was listening at the door."

As he spoke Eric saw a shadow pass the window on the other side. Iklapel had heard nothing, but Jan-ila was convinced that some one had been spying, and that one he believed to be Chalpa himself. Iklapel soon rose to go, saying:

"It is near to midnight, and old men need more sleep than young ones."

And wrapping his blanket tightly about him started forth, declining Jan-ila's offer of his company.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALLIANCE SPEAKING!

Bro. Cyrus Thompson, State Lecturer, of North Carolina Farmers' Alliance, will address the Brethren and the public generally, at the following places:

HARNETT COUNTY.

Bunn's Level, June 16th.
Green's X Roads, " 17th.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

Wood's School House, June 19th.
Luther's Grove, (71st Township) June 20th.
Flea Hill, June 21st.
Cedar Creek, Cumberland county, June 22nd.

ROBESON COUNTY.

St. Paul, June 23, at 11 o'clock, a. m.
Lumberton, June 24, at 11 o'clock, a. m.
Ashpole, June 26, at 11 o'clock, a. m.
Alfordsville, June 27, at 11 o'clock, a. m.
Red Springs, June 28, at 11 o'clock, a. m.

FRANKLIN COUNTY.

Poplar Spring Church, June 30th.
Louisburg, July 1st.

PITT COUNTY.

Farmville, July 4th.
Greenville, July 5th.

EDGECOMBE COUNTY.

St. Lewis, July 6th.
Maple Swamp, " 7th.
Cocoa, " 8th.

NASH COUNTY.

Nashville, July 10th.
Dortch's Alliance, " 11th.

WILSON COUNTY.

Lucama, July 12th.

County Alliance Meetings.

ORANGE COUNTY.

Hillsboro, July 13th.
Gilford county, (near Jamestown) July 14th.
Forsythe county, July 15th.

Other appointments will follow.

Brother Thompson represents the Business Agency and carries samples of Shoes, Cloths, &c., to show you, and will explain the benefits to be derived by patronizing the Agency.

Let every one turn out and hear the distinguished Lecturer. It will pay you whether an Allianceman or not.

Yours fraternally,
W. H. WORTH, S. B. A.,
North Carolina Farmers' State Alliance.

IMPORTANT TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It really seems the Postal Clerks or Postmasters are determined to stop the circulation of THE CAUCASIAN by stealing our letters containing money. The thing has gone on until we are compelled to give notice to those sending us money that they must send money orders, or else register their letters. Get in as large amounts as possible, and register at our expense. This is to those sending us money. Now to those who are stealing it, we will say if you are not very careful somebody is going to get caught. Look out. tf.

Just think of how that robber Republican tariff is sucking away your life blood every day. How much longer can you stand it? The Democratic bosses have charge of the menagerie, but they have not yet wrung the neck of the "McKinley bill."

If you believe our principles are right, identify yourself with us and help push the battle for their supremacy to a successful end.

ALLIANCE DEPARTM

O'er every land, in every age
Some curse of creed or human rage
Has controvened the rights of man
E'en now some subtle power
Enthrones the wrong, exalts the
While idlers reign and

Keener Union.

The Keener Alliance Union hold its next quarterly meeting on July 7th at Beaverdam, Wilson county.

Good News From Lobe County.

DR. C. THOMPSON, DEAR BROTHER.—As you requested, let you know what we done. write you now. We met on Saturday and re-organized with members, last Saturday again and three more new came in, they all seem to be in earnest. Several more talking in with us next meeting.

T. J. B.

BENTONSVILLE, N. C. June MR. MARION BUTLER, Editor CASIAN, DEAR SIR AND BROTHER. Our lodge is progressing very We get a new member and yesterday, the first Saturday June at our regular meeting County Lecturer, Brother son Cole gave us a public and before meeting closed application for membership person present that heard the who did not already belong order.

I have been showing your paper to the neighbors and them to subscribe. All want per but money is very scarce, ing your valuable paper cess.

DAVID W

Alliance Union.

MINGO, Sampson Co. N. June HON. MARION BUTLER, Dear —At the last meeting of the ance Union of the Alliance brooks and Mingo townships Union passed resolutions unanimously condemning the legislature their course in trying to repeal charter of the State Alliance for the amendments to it. The Union meets at Stainview House in the upper part of township. All are invited to their baskets, we expect a eat and good speaking. Subjects be discussed, "Should the go into politics," "What benefit Alliance into existence?"

Everybody is invited to come hear.

Truly,
H. H. DRAUGHON.

Let it be remembered that Democratic party (which needs a "chance") is now in charge of every branch of government, both State and National. Therefore every day they live pass, every day they suffer the to be robbed and oppressed by "bad and corrupt laws of the Radical party," they are the responsible for it, they are as the crime.

—Do you want your neighbor read THE CAUCASIAN. Look another column how we will you. Offer good for two weeks act at once.

Magnolia High Sch

(MALE AND FEMALE)

The Third Term of this ing School begins Sept. 4th. Thorough instruction given lish and Classic courses, pre for any College in the State. scholarship will be given to who makes the highest aver during the scholastic year. at reasonable rates.

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june 22—tf—2p.] Magnolia

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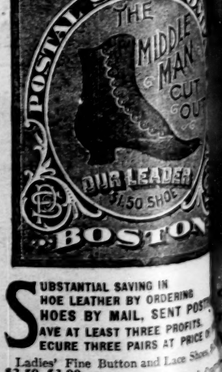

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THE CAUCASIAN.
GOLDSBORO, N. C., JUNE 22, '93.

WAYNE COUNTY.

Our friends are taking up with our proposition everywhere. Every mail brings clubs of five with $1.00 for 3 months; or 10 with $2.00 for 3 months each. One man sent us a club of 25. This proposition is good for one more week. We will send back copies of this edition to all new subscribers. Send on your clubs.

Crop prospects is not so bad in this section, though we have seen them better at this season.

Sickness among our force this week causes us to be late; it's unavoidable and we hope our readers will not be too severe on us.

Don't forget the meeting at the Court House next Saturday, as a preliminary to our 4th of July meeting. Let's have a good crowd.

Mrs. Callie Mangum, wife of Mr. T. B. Mangum of THE CAUCASIAN force, is very sick; Mr. Mangum himself is unable to be up at this writing.

Mrs. Nancy Ham, widow of the late Henry B. Ham, died in this city last Friday. Mrs. Ham had about lived out her allotted days, four score years, being about 78 years of age.

We were shown a pile of Irish potatoes dug from twelve rows in Jim Daniel's field, so Jim says, that indicated no bad yield, being at the rate of about 210 bushels per acre.

Died in this city, on the 18th inst., Capt. Henry S. Hazel, aged about 60 years. Capt. Hazel come to Goldsboro before the war, from Alamance County we think, and engaged in the Mercantile business. He afterwards was a conductor on the Rail Road, from which he got the title of Capt. He was in a collision during, or just after the war, in which he got his foot badly crushed. He again went to merchandizing and followed the business for several years. He was for some time with Messrs. Dewey & Bros. as traveling agent and collector. At time of his death, he was in the employ of the Singer Sewing Machine Co. He was buried in Willowdale Cemetery, beside his wife, who preceded him but a few years in journey across the river.

WE PITTY THE FELLOWS.

"The Herald learned something today which was really surprising. Third party men all over Rowan county are saying that the last Congress, which was Democratic, voted an increase of salary to each member of $100 per month, or 1,200 per year, to enable them to have clerks. These charges are not confined to one locality, but are general. Three responsible gentlemen from different sections of the country told us this morning that the charges had been made to them. * * * *

We don't know where the Third party folks got the information, but it is believed to have been furnished by boss Mary Ann Butler. It is absolutely without foundation, however. The only representative in Congress who has a private secretary is the Speaker of the House, and this has been the custom for years. All of the principal committees of the House have secretaries, as they are compelled to have, but these offices have been standing for years and were not created by the last Congress. That body did not vote its members any increase of pay either for private secretaries or otherwise, and no man of common intelligence would believe such a false report —Salisbury Herald.

Is it possible that the Herald man knows no better than to make the above assertion? He is the first man to deny it. The Hon. B. F. Grady did not deny it but admitted it and tried to justify himself for voting for it. If we thought the editor of the Herald knew no better we would feel constrained to say in the language of our Savior: "Father forgive him for he knows not what he does." We believe he knows better, we do not think he is so ignorant. A man that is so green could not live in a grazing country, the cows would eat him. We believe he is lying, and lying for effect. He knows he has only to say it is not true and many of his party who will not read the truth, will be ready to swear it is so. As an evidence of this the Mooresville Register says, he does not know whether it is true or not, but takes it for granted or the Herald would not assert it. We say we believe he is lying, that is our opinion, others have different opinions, for we heard a Democratic editor say that if he was a guessing man he would say he was a fool. This is his opinion, so in the estimation of two editors who have expressed their opinion, he is both, a liar and a fool. He can take his choice of epithets.

NOTICE.

When remitting send money order or register your letter. A postal note is not any safer than a bill. When you can't buy a money order register your letter. If the amount is as much as $2.00 you can deduct expense. There is a great deal of stealing going on through the mails. We have applied to the government to investigate the matter.

Very truly,
THE CAUCASIAN.

Every honest man who works for a living should ignore party lines, till the financial question is settled. What you want is more money. Where is the man who will hang to party that will not increase the

THE BANK OF NEW HANOVER FAILS.

On Monday morning June the 18th, the doors of the Bank of New Hanover did not open. A notice was posted on the door by W. L. Smith, Cashier, this was due to the fact that about half a million dollars of deposit were called for, which could not be readily paid out. However, he claims that all deposits will be paid in full. The liabilities of the Bank, are about eight hundred thousdollars ($800,000) while it is claimed that the assets will be twelve hundred and fifty thousand. dollars An assignment has been made to Mr. Junius Davis. A run was also started on the Wilmington Savings & Trust Co., but it is thought that it will be able to stem the tide without closing its doors. The farming and the laboring people have already learned through the dear school of experience, of the brutal cauty of the best financial system that the world ever saw". The cruel tidal wave of contraction is now striking the Mercantile, and Banking Houses. They too certainly should be able to learn in the school of experience at least, as the masses have done before them. We want to take this occasion to say again, that the government should guarantee too depositors of Banks the full amount of money deposited. If this were done, the government would see that all these concerns were on a safe bassis. What is the use of paying for Bank Inspectors, if they fail to inspect, or dont know a sound Bank after they do inspect.

We are glad to see that the Trustees of the State and Normal school at Greensboro are showing a broad and progressive spirit. They have voted to enlarge the dormitory accomodations, and for an increase of faculty for the institution. Prof. P. P. Claxton of the Ashville graded school, has been elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Prof. Alderman. Dr. Anna Gove will fill the vacancy, caused by the resignation of Dr. Bitting. Prof. J. Y. Joyner, of the Goldsboro graded school, has also been added to the faculty. Also Mrs. Lucy H. Robertson of the Greensboro Female College, and Miss Maud F. Broadway With such a live and efficient man as Prof. McIver as President, backed by such a progressive Board of directors we predict a bright future for the Institution We expect, and hope to see five hundred (500) pupils in the Institution, as soon as they can be accommodated.

With Kope Elias and R. B. Glenn the agony is over. The harrowing feeling of uncertainty with which they have hung around the pie counter all these spring days, has been distressing. But they are at last provided for and rewarded for whatever they may have done. On last Monday Glenn was appointed District Att'y. and Elias Collector in the Western district. In fact Monday seems to have been District Att'y. and Collector day at the White House; appointments were made in nearly every State in the South. The Eastern district of North Carolina, however, has not yet been heard from. But Mr. C. B. Ayeock and Mr. F. M. Simmons have already learned the lesson of paitience. We trust they too will soon be taken in out of the wet. And thus it goes in vanity fair, and around about Gotham. While on the highways and hedges, the little brown mule drags up and down the same rows he did a year ago; the only difference, cotton and wheat going down.

Congressmen who are in favor of free coinage of silver are made cowards of by Mr. Cleveland. They don't dare to express their conviction. Some of them where their districts are strong for free silver are now hedging. They say they are in favor of the repeal of the silver law on conditions. They hope by this kind of hair splitting to fool the people and at the same time to keep in with Mr. Cleveland so they can get patronage for their districts to help them to get returned to congress.

Preparations are now being made for the annual 4th of July celebration at Guilford battle ground near Greensboro. Judge Schenck, the president of the battle ground association, is active in his efforts to make the meeting this year a complete success. A monument donated by Gov. Holt will be dedicated upon that occasion. We acknowledge receipt of invitation to be present.

Lizzie Borden who has been on trial for her life in Massachusetts, charged with the crime of murdering her father and step- mother, has been acquited. There seems to have been but little evidence, even circumstancial, that she committed the the crime; but rather that she was prosecuted because the police could find no clue pointing to any one else.

So long as the Democrats will not use their chance to redeem their pledges, it may be said of Sanctimonious Joe, the "Honest Joe" Daniels of other days, occupying a fat office in Washington, "Daniels in the lyin's den, but not hurt by the lyin's."

A SAMPLE OF PARTISAN IGNORANCE.

The following two clippings are long, but be sure to read them both. Read every word of them. Read them and see how ignorant the fellows are who ridicule Alliancemen and make fun of our demands:

"The Herald learned something to-day which was really surprising. Third party men all over Rowan county are saying that the last Congress, which was Democratic, voted an increase of salary to each member of $100 per month, or 1,200 per year, to enable them to have clerks. These charges are not confined to one locality, but are general. Three responsible gentlemen from different sections of the country told us this morning that the charges had been made to them. * * * *

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Is it possible that we have a man capable of editing a paper who will manufacture and publish a lie upon the honorable men who compose Congress? We hav'nt access to a Congressional Record or we would see for ourself but we take it that the editor of the Herald would not assert it "is absolutely without foundation" if there were any reason for believing the charge made, and therefore conclude it must be a lie out of the whole cloth. We do not think, however, that the men who have been misled by these newspaper reports should be censured r laughed at as being ignorant. We are glad that the day has not come when our people will refuse to believe what they read in the newspapers. It should make no difference with a man whether he agreed with the political sentiments of the editor, or not, as to whether he could believe a statement of facts found in the papers. Newspapers cannot afford to misrepresent facts, and when found doing so should, and we believe will, be spurned by the public. We have no doubt that the gentlemen who have been led to believe this story will give their authority for it and the author can be found out. "Turn on the light."—Mooresville Register.

WHO IS TO BLAME.

[Special Cor. to THE CAUCASIAN.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 20th. —The following is the verdict of the Coroner's Jury over the Washington Ford Theatre calamity:

"We find that Frederick C. Amsworth, William G. Covert, Francis Sasse, and George W. Dant were, and each of them was, guilty of criminal negligence, and we further find that they are responsible for the killing of Frederick B. Loftus."

The four men thus arraigned, whose names have been so prominently before the public, will be arrested to-day upon commitments charging them with manslaughter.

The following Postmasters were appointed for North Carolina yesterday: Dutch Cove, Haywood county, Laura Winfield; Faison, Duplin county, Henry Fryar, vice G. L. Glidden, removed; Huntley, Sampson, A. E. Underwood, vice J. M. Lockerman, removed; Nicholson, Alamance, C. C. Thompson; Teachey's, Duplin, J. D. Teachey, vice M. H. McMillan, removed; Waco, Cleveland, Hoyle Elliott.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

The Denver Daily News (Col.) one of the largest and most reliable papers west of the Mississippi River says;

"The United States paid off the troops at Fort Russell, Wyo., yesterday in gold coin, to the surprise of the men, for heretofore they have been paid in currency."

What does this mean? We thought the Government was "hard up" for gold doing all it could to keep from issuing more bonds to buy more gold. This seems to be positive proof that the Government is into the scheme with the gold bugs to make gold scarce to force an issue of bonds.

The North Carolina Teachers Assembly has now been in existence ten years. Its tenth annual session will open at Morehead City this week. We trust that the Teachers of the State will have a pleasant sojourn and recreation, at the summer capitol by the sea.

President Cleveland has employed J. Pierpont Morgan, a New York banker to visit England, authorizing him to borrow $50,000,000 gold to be paid back in five years. More bonds. Incompetency and venality. —Ex.

It seems that the cordage trust hung itself with some of its high priced hemp.

DON'T WE KNOW?

Why will any part of the people be fooled by the oily tongue of the politician.

Don't we all know that the politician is nothing but the hired tool and mouth piece of the monopolies, the money trust and every combination that is oppressing the people?

Don't we all know that the monopolies and trusts are running this country now? Then how could the politician have influence with the powers that be and get offices, &c., if he were not cheek by jowl with them? The people want reform, they want a change of conditions, yet some of us listen to and follow the hired tools of the very powers we are fighting. This is folly worst confounded.

Don't we know that these men, and newspapers run by such men, will try to hide, cover up and explain any and everything wrong that is done, and on the other hand magnify and blow the least little thing that they can claim to their credit?

Don't we know that when we begin to demand some specific reform that they either ridicule it or else try to show us that we don't need it?

Don't we know further that when we begin to show signs of determination and of uniting on any one demand that then they are always up and ready to offer us some other reform in the place of it, that they say "is something better?"

Don't we know that the past history of the world has shown that the substitute offered by the politicians (the agents of the powers that are oppressing the people) has never given the people relief,—that it was simply a dodge to side-track and divide the people?

Don't we know that every reform ever gotten that gave any justice or relief, originated among the people and had to be demanded and fought for to the bitter end before the people got it?

How much longer will we be as clay in the hands of these scoundrels who rob our children's mouths of bread?

Oh, how long before we will think for ourselves and have the sense and the manhood to stand together and fight and vote for that which is right and good and just!

God of justice and mercy, hasten the day!

ZEKE BILKINS AT THE TELEPHONE.

No News From the State Banks---Dr. Sanderlin Thinks There Ought to be $500 or $1,000 More Money in Circulation "To do the Business of the Country."

(Progressive Farmer.)

B.—"Hello! Mr. Editor."

R.—"Hello! Major. Any news today?"

B.—"Well mighty near no news. I haint herd frum Capt. Octave Coke erbout them state banks yet. I reckin he has fergot all erbout them. If he don't get a move on his carkass before long I'm goin' to get the lesgislater in seckrit seshun an' repeal his charter. If you see Capt. Octave tell him prices are lower than they were when he was makin' his elerquent speaches, an' tell him that lots ov folks are bustin all around over the country."

R—"Capt, Coke must have promised a great many things for people on all sides are asking about this or that good law and the good times he promised. After the election the Captain withdrew from the Alliance and stopped reading The Progressive Farmer. He evidently thought his election as Secretary of State was all the reform the country needed, and that good times would prevail as long as he holds the office."

B.—"That's the trick, begosh! I hadn't thought of that. If anybody goes to Captain Coke now an' says money is skarse he jist rattles the money in his pocket an' says: "Go home an' go to work, you raskel; there is twice as much money in circulation as there wuz before I wuz elected an' you can buy a heap more corn, wheat, cotton an' other farm truck fer a dollar than you could before.' That is a fine trick sartin. By jings! I reckon Dr. Sanderlin thinks there is purty near enuff in circulation now, too. I see in a paper where he says if he had got a $2,000 job in Washington instead of one at a smaller salary, there would be plenty money circulatin' eround ter do his buziness with. I am blamed sorry the Cleve and Steve administration didn't put enuff in circulation ter pay Dr. Sanderlin fer speechin' eround. If the doctor had got relieved just $500 more per annum the whole country would bin safe. Joe Daniels ain't complainin' like Dr. Sanderlin. He got a gude job an' he is ready ter make afferdavit that there is at least four times as much money in circulation, an' the blamed tariff an' pension system is not hurtin' anybody that wurks. Buck Kitchen only gits $6 per day an' he thinks times hes improved. I wish J. S. Bell and J. A. Stevens could get a gude appointment. It would save Bro. Graham a lot of wurk in figurin' out the little losses the State Agency has had if they could get enough money in circulation ter pay fer all the goods they ordered through the State Business Agent.

R.—"You are too impatient. Wait about 40,000 years and all the politicians will get a job and and a little relief. If all the politicians get relief the country will be saved somehow. After the people get too poor to pay taxes, the members of trusts and other millionaires can still divide with the politicians and the people can go to Chicago. Goodbye."

THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

A DEATH BLOW TO BOSSISM--VANCE DECLARES WAR ON RANSOM--THE WESTERN DISTRICT APPOINTMENTS THE CAUSE--A NEW DEAL IN STATE POLITICS--WHAT IT MEANS--RAMSOM FINDS AN ALLEY IN JOHN S. HENDERSON.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE SITUATION.

WASHINGTON, N. C., June 19, '93.

Now that the Western District appointments have been settled it is well enough to clear up the mist and fog that have so long defied speculation. Months ago when Mr. Cleveland told Senator Ransom that it was his intention to reward Mr. Elias for his Chicago vote and left it with him to say whether it should be the District Attorneyship or the Collectorship it was settled that Elias would ultimately be made Collector. That this has long been the understanding has been a well kept secret. It was known only to the President and Ransom. So Ransom is responsible for the appointment only to the extent that he did not attempt to prevent it, and that he did not wish to prevent. It is entirely agreeable to him. and is the very outcome of the matter that he most desired Gudger's appointment to this place has never been a possibility. Though Vance's candidate, and under the agreement between him and Ransom he had the right to name the appointment, Ransom never intended that it should be made. How to prevent it and avoid an open breach with Vance has not caused him to lose one hour of sleep. Luck and the President favored him with a solution of the trouble in Elias. He knew that he would win with hands down He kept the secret securely in his own bosom until Bob Glenn's desperation reached a point when it was either a disclosure or suicide. There was so much Potomac river in his talk at one time it was thought best to break the news to him gently. That was Simmons' mission here, and the little fellow thinks that he is responsible for Glenn's appointment. Vance has never cared a "flip" for Glenn. He recommended him because he thought that his appointment would improve Gudger's chance for collectorship. The real fight all the while has been over the collectorship. The District Attorneyship has simply been a side show, and has been kept to the front for a now well understood purpose.

VANCE DECLARES WAR.

Up to the last moment Vance believed that Gudger would receive the appointment. He came hurried y last week, had a five minutes tain with Ransom and returned to North Carolina. There are different versions of what occurred between them. But Vance was hot in the collar—very hot. It is said that his eloquence was in keeping with the torrid atmosphere of the day. He told Ransom, so the story goes, that henceforth their political paths diverged. He angrily threw down the guantlet vehemently declared for uncompromising war. Vance holds Ransom wholly responsible for Elias' appointment. He made a bitter, personal fight against Elias, and after hausting his always select repertoire of maledictions he threw up his hands in horror and charged him with being a Jew. Speaking for Vance his friends say that he will even up the score with Ransom and that the election of United States Senator two years hence will show that his hand has not forgot its cunning. There is no secret here about Vance's intention to actively ally himself with anti-Ransom revolt in the State. His preference inclines to Jarvis at this time, but unless Jarvis clears up his Wilmington & Weldon Railroad record, he will not be in it. $10,000 from this corporation whilst acting as *amicus curae* to the State is to be the subject of an investigation by the State Railroad Commission. This complication has given his candidacy a decided set-back, and until all doubt is removed the Jarvis movement is a back number. So strong is the impression that Jarvis has got both feet in a hole the politicians are feeling around for an available candidate against Ransom.

OPPOSITION TO RANSOM.

The breach between Vance and Ransom develops a very serious opposition to Ransom. Added to this the active opposition and avowed hostility of the State administration, his best friends admit the bare possibility of his re-election. When Elias Carr was nominated for Governor Ransom openly declared that the State had never sustained a greater calamity Among Governor Carr's virtues and accomplishments a retentive memory is one of his conspicuous gifts. He has waxed the ends of his mustache and is already in the saddle. His friends say he will vindicate the wisdom of his administration and his usefulness to the State by defeating Ransom's re-election. A great many people think that Ransom uttered an imperishable truth that will send his name clattering banging down the corredors of time as a truthful man and a prophet. Another element of danger to Ransom is "the machine." With Simmons to manipulate the East and Kope Elias in the West, the people will be driven into implacable revolt by its audacity and insolence, and a storm of indignation and remonstrance will follow that will end forever its baneful power in state politics. The people are to be brought face to face with an element of danger that menace representative government and there can be but one result. But "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

VANCES STRANGE ATTITUDE.

Vance's opposition to Elias' appointment is inexplicable to many people. Why he should object to Elias because he is a Jew, when he pioneered liberal thought in the State in the great historical essay on "Scattered Nation" is incomprehensible. And this recalls his inconsistency in dealing with the farmers movement in the State. It was he who admired and urged the farmers to organize for self-protection, and it was he who first deprecated the organization after it was perfected. It was he who accepted a re-election to the United States Senate at the hands of the farmers in North Carolina, swearing eternal devotion to their cause, and it was he who first repudiated their cause. Something is wrong somewhere, but many of his sins will find condonement in an honest effort to overthrow machine rule in the State. But will he stand by the colors he has so defiantly thrown to the breeze?

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

DOINGS POLITICAL IN THE LAND OF RUTHERFORD.

1st. And it came to pass that on the first Monday which is the fifth day of the month June, in the first year of the Restoration of Grover, the Sanhedrim of Rutherford (who are also called Magistrates) gathered themselves together in the temple of justice.

2nd. For the time had come when they should levy tribute upon the people.

3rd. And the Chief and one of his assistants (who aforetime had preached Third party doctrine until he had been made drunken with Government office) were sorely troubled.

4th. For it was told unto them. "Behold there be among you some who are not loyal to Grover, neither do they worship the golden image which he has set up.

5th. But say that silver or even paper is just as good.

6th. And a Rabbi of the Township of High School being filled with corn juice stood up and cried, saying

7th, "Is not our Finance Committee composed of a Weaverite, a radical and a "man on the fence" Where are we at?"

8th. Now there was a certain Rabbi who aforetime had received his appointment from a Republican Clerk of the Court because he was his deputy.

9th. He it was who when an Allianceman became clerk was deputy for him also. (And he sought to turn his boss from the faith.)

10th. This man was full of subtile arts and skilled in all dark political plots. He who it was who was surnamed the Court House Cat because he served many masters.

11th. And to him the Chief of the Rabbi's turned for instruction.

12th. But the time was short, moreover many of the Rabbi's laughed the C. H. cat to scorn. And the machine was sorely grieved.

13th. And they said "Go to—Let us even change the laws of North Carolina, which allows a plurality vote to elect, and which we have observed heretofore.

14th. Moreover let us require all elections to be by ballot, and let the C. H. cat count the ballots. And the Rabbi's consented thereto.

15th. Now when the former members of the Finance Committee were placed in nomination among others.

16th. Then arose the Weaverite and told his brethren, saying, "If any be among you having hearts filled with partizan politics instead of the welfare of the people, let that man not vote for me."

17th. And a Rabbi who aforetime who lived in the land of Gaston stood up and cried, saying,

18th. "Men and brethren! I am a Democrat, yet these men have been faithful to their trust, and furthermore we are met for the welfare of Rutherford county and not in the interest of partizan politics."

19th. When the vote was taken behold the Weaverite, the Republican and the Man on the Fence were the choice of far more than a majority of the Rabbi's, Selah.

20th. And because the day was passing they made haste to elect a Board of Education.

21st. Now there was a man from the province of Logan's Store Township, who when the Alliancemen covered the land as grasshoppers, was a Chief among the Alliancemen.

22nd. Yea, when the committee on political instructions stood under the green tree at Pea Ridge in July 1892, he stood with them as their chairmau and signed the pledge which struck terror to the hearts of the followers of Grover.

23rd. He it was also at that time and place, together with a member of the Board of Education and a Gospel Minister prepared resolutions upon the death of our "Great Leader" and "Trusted Exponent," &etc.

24th. And he "resolûted" that he would follow the teachings of our "Trusted Exponent" who was "called hence."

25th. But because he received his "call hence" from the Magicians who met in Raleigh and gave him a seat in the Sanhedrim of Rutherford he said within himself—

26th. I will even take the place of my fellowman who is on the Board of Education because he regarded his pledge and yet further suffered his name to be placed on the Populist ticket for Senator.

27th. And there gathered unto him all the Rabbi's from whose eyes the scales of prejudice had not fallen. And the battle waxed sore.

28th, But when the ballots were counted, Lo! the Weaverite was ahead of him, who had fortten his pledge and been "called hence."

29th. Then straightway another ballot was ordered by the Chief because a full majority had not been obtained.

30th. Then another battle was fought without results—

31st. Whereupon the Weaverite member of the Board of Education arose in wrath and withdrew his name from the contest.

32nd. And he who had been "called hence" was declared duly elected after balloting.

33rd. Then the "Machine" was turned over to the Court House cat for he was a skillful workman in such matters.

34th. Charging him that he tinker it up so that it work in the time of need.

35th. And every man went unto his own house. THE SCRIBE.

ENDORSES OUR COURSE.

Squealing Miss "Mary Ann" will not stop the truth or keep the people from seeing it.

The Clyde Register says:

"Marion Butler's castigations of the Democratic party and the party's North Carolina election law are fearful. Every shot hits the beast between the eyes and it is only a question of time, and for the sake of liberty and justice and an honest ballot, let us hope a very short time, when the death stroke will be delivered and fraud and corruption in our elections become a thing of the past. The telling blows of THE CAUCASIAN cannot be warded off by squealling "Miss Mary Ann." The sensible people are listening to facts and reason more than ever before, and no amount of sneers & contemptuous allusions will answer in their stead. A majority of the voters of this State are opposite the party in power and they are not going to tolerate election frauds any longer".

WILL YOU HAVE A RALLY?

If you will have a reform rally in your county on July 4th, please write us. We wish to send sample copies of THE CAUCASIAN to be distributed.

DEMOCRATS WAKING UP.

They are Learning the A. B. C's of Finance--The Dispatch Says That the Secretary of the Treasury Should Coin the Credit of the Government.

The Richmond Dispatch has concluded that legal tender greenbacks are better than "wild cat" State Banks. It heads its editorial "No necessity for 'wild cat' State Banks." It claims that the Secretary of the Treasury has the power to "coin the credit of the country," that is to issue legal tender greenbacks. It quotes the following from the Philadelphia Telegram:

"Taking the law as it stands and regarding the financial situation as it exists to-day, the question to be answered is whether the Secretary of the Treasury would be justified in exercising the authority conferred by the law, and, if found justifiable whether such a resort would be found expedient. To both these questions it appears, on this first presentation, that an affirmative answer may well be given. To put the matter in the briefest way possible it may be said that this is practically a plan to coin the credit of the country. That credit is unlimited, and there seems to be no sufficient reason why it should not be used in this emergency. That it has not been used recently under the specific form authorized by the act of 1862 is no argument against using it now, as the conditions have never before been such as to demand the purchase of coin in the specific manner here provided for.

"That the country could and would carry any amount of legal-tenders the government might find it needful to issue there can be no question whatever. If the people could float the $450,000,000 of legal-tenders originally authorized by the legislation of 1862-'63 there need be no doubt at all that we could float $1,000,000,000 to-day. The expedient would therefore be abundantly safe, as demonstrated by present facts and by past experience. It would offer, further more, certain collateral advantages; as, for example, that of satisfying the western and southwestern demand for more money."

If this idea takes with the floundering Democratic party, there will be some hope for it yet. Yet "coin the credit of the government." How long it has taken some men to see a simple and common sense thing.

ALLIANCE SPEAKING.

Bro. J. T. B. Hoover will address the brethern at the following places on the days named in behalf of the Business Agency of the State Alliance:

GREENE COUNTY.

Speight's Bridge,	June 21st.
Shine,	" 22d.
Hookerton,	" 23rd.
Snow Hill,	" 24th.
Willow Green,	" 26th.

PITT COUNTY.

Coxville,	June 27th.
Pactolus,	" 28th.
Falkland,	" 29th.

MARTIN COUNTY.

Robersonville,	June 30th.
Williamston,	July 1st.

Speaking at 11 o'clock a. m.

Dr. Cyrus Thompson, State Lecturer, will address the Alliance and public generally at Farmville, Pitt county, July 4th, and Greenville, July 5th, at 11 a. m.

Sample of Shoes, clothes, etc. will be shown, and the benefits to be derived by the purchase of supplies, especially guanos, through the agency, will be fully explained. Only four appointments in each county. Let those near the places of speaking attend. Speaking at 11 o' clock a. m. Other appointments will follow.

Fraternally
W. H. WORTH, S. B. A.

THE DESERTED HOMES.

A well known writer has an interesting article in the Cosmopolitan Magazine for June, entitled "The Deserted Homes of New England." He says: "For the last forty years or over, the farm population of New England has been decreasing. Even the valley towns in close proximity to railroads and city markets show a depletion, and unoccupied houses can be found along the finest of our village streets. As you move back from the larger places and the railroads into the hills, the abandoned homes are found on every road-way, and many towns have lost half their inhabitants."

The writer attributes it to several causes, but the real cause is the contraction of the currency and robbery. We have no patience with the theory that it is "because farm life is not attractive." As long as farmers can get fair prices for their products they will not leave the farms or emigrate to new sections to any great extent.—Prog. Farmer.

No business is attractive that does not pay.—ED. CAUCASIAN.

The Bird That Befouls its Own Nest.

If the Charlotte Observer was half as well posted as it thinks it is, it would know that J. A. Stevens was a delegate to the last State Alliance and voted for the very transactions he is now railing against. And if J. A. Stevens and other traitors knew how small they appear to the eyes of the very people they are trying to please, they would kick themselves to death. The truth is, traitors to anything are looked upon, even by the greatest rascals, as unworthy of notice, and the best men in the Democratic party cannot tolerate traitors, we are sure. If J. A. Stevens wanted to quite the Alliance he had that right and should have done so as a gentlemen, not as a fool.—Progressive Farmer.

IF YOU WISH

To help the cause of reform get your neighbors to read THE CAUCASIAN. Send for a bundle of sample copies and give one to each of your neighbors. You will then be sure to be able to get us a club.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN:—Mr. J. L. Everitt, of near Lemon Springs, did a good hour's work a few days ago. He killed seven foxes near his barn, two old ones and five young ones. They killed about thirty of his chickens within the past few days.
J. M. S.

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Is unequaled for House, Barn, Factory or Out-buildings, and costs half the price of shingles, tin or iron. It is ready for use, and easily applied by any one. Send stamp for samples, and state size of roof. EXCELSIOR PAINT & ROOFING Co., Dept. 12, 152 Duane St., New York, N. Y.
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There is much stealing going on in the mails. Don't send money, stamps or postal note in ordinary letter. Send money order, or register your letter at our expense.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Moore County.

VILLANOW, N. C., June 9th, ED. CAUCASIAN.—The Hon. B. F. Grady having found that he had no influence with the administration in distributing Post offices of the towns and cities has turned his attention to the little 10 cent affairs through the country. He succeeded in having appointed at Villanow, Moore county, the only Democrat in the place. But the Hon. gentleman was so proverbially slow, that the man was dead and burried before his appointment came, and now it is presumed he, Mr. Grady, is looking for another man. He evidently expects to democratize the rural districts in this manner.

S.

ED. CAUCASIAN:—Please allow me space in your columns to request persons to whom I have given the stencils of W. H. Baker, New York, to refrain from shipping to him their truck; since upon trial he is found to be a very slow and poor salesman. In some instances where parties have shipped to him he not only sold for from 25 to 40 ct's per package less than other good salesmen, but waited to be requested, at the end of 10 or 12 days, to send check for amount of sales.

Respectfully,
ABBOTT L. SWINSON.
Goldsboro, N. C.
June 3rd 1893.

Green County.

Married, on Sunday the 28th ult., at 10 o'clock a. m. at the residence of Mr. B. F. Mooring in Green Co., Mrs. M. P. Kennedy a well known writer of the "Free Will Baptist" paper, and Mr. D. M. Chambers, of Duplin county were happily united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Eld. R. P. Hill officiating. After the ceremony was performed, the bride and groom were accompanied by the crowd to the Hull Road church, where they heard a very instructive sermon, delivered by Eld. C. H. Vance. A FRIEND.

If you want THE CAUCASIAN for a whole year, send us one of those 65 cent silver dollars and we will take it for 100 cents. Don't you wish that there were more of those dollars?

Blacksmith and Repair Shop.

If you want your Horse shod. your Buggy, Wagon or Cart repaired, or any other blacksmith or woodwork done, bring it to us at the corner of John & Market Streets, Goldsboro, N. C., opposite John Guinn's. All work guaranteed and that at living prices. Respectfully,
JOHNSON, SUMMERLIN & HOOKS
june22-tf.

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Notice.

Having qualified as executor of the last will of Barna Daniel, deceased, all persons holding claims against his estate are notified to present them for payment by June 1st, 1894, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

WILLIAM DANIEL, Ex'r.
may 25 6ws.

"HICKORY MERCURY,"
A Newspaper Published
EVERY WEDNESDAY
AT
HICKORY, N. C.,
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EDITED BY J. F. CLICK.

Devoted to Agricultural topics, and to such financial questions as are demanded by the necessities of farmers and laborers.

It will contend for such legislation as tends to the greatest good to the greatest number, and oppose all other, regardless of party.

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Sample copies sent on application.
mch23—tf

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE QUEEN'S MUSEUM.

By Frank R. Stockton.

There was a Queen who founded, in her capital city, a grand museum. This institution was the pride of her heart, and she devoted nearly all her time to overseeing the collection of objects for it, and their arrangement in the spacious hall. This museum was intended to elevate the intelligence of her people, but the result was quite disappointing to the Queen. For some reason, and what it was she could not imagine, the people were not interested in her museum. She considered it the most delightful place in the world, and spent hours every day in examining and studying the thousands of objects it contained; but although here and there in the city there was a person who cared to visit the collection, the great body of the people found it impossible to feel the slightest interest in it. At first this grieved the Queen, and she tried to make her museum better; but as this did no good, she became very angry, and she issued a decree that all persons of mature age who were not interested in her museum should be sent to prison.

This decree produced a great sensation in the city. The people crowded to the building, and did their very best to be interested; but, in the majority of cases, the attempt was an utter failure. They could not feel any interest whatever. The consequence was that hundreds and thousands of the people were sent to prison, and as there was not room enough for them in the ordinary jails, large temporary prisons were erected in various parts of the city. Those who were actually needed for work or service which no one else could do were allowed to come out in the day-time on parole; but at night they had to return to their prisons.

It was during this deplorable state of affairs that a stranger entered the city one day. He was surprised at seeing so many prisons, and approaching the window in one of the prisons, behind the bars of which he saw a very respectable-looking citizen, he asked what all this meant. The citizen informed him how matters stood, and then, with tears mounting to his eyes, he added:

"Oh, sir, I have tried my best to be interested in that museum; but it is impossible; I can't get up the slightest interest in it. And, what is more, I know I never shall be able to do so; and I shall languish here for the rest of my days."

Passing on, the stranger met a mother coming out of her house. Her face was pale, and she was weeping bitterly. Filled with pity, he stopped and asked her what was the matter. "Oh, sir," she said, "for a week I have been trying, for the sake of my dear children, to take an interest in that museum. For a time I thought I might do it, but the hopes proved false. It is impossible. I must leave my little ones, and go to prison."

The stranger was deeply affected by these cases and many others of a similar character, which he soon met with. "It is too bad! too bad!" he said to himself. I never saw a city in so much trouble. There is scarcely a family, I am told, in which there is not some uninterested person—I must see the Queen and talk to her about it," and with this he wended his way to the palace.

He met the Queen just starting out on her morning visit to the museum. When he made it known that he was a stranger, and desired a short audience, she stopped and spoke to him.

"Have you visited my museum yet?" she said. "There is nothing in the city so well worth your attention as that. You should go there before seeing anything else. You have a high forehead, and an intelligent expression, and I have no doubt that it will interest you greatly. I am going there myself, and I shall be glad to see what effect that fine collection has upon a stranger."

This did not suit the stranger at all. From what he had heard he felt quite sure that if he went to the museum, he would soon be in jail; and so he hurried to propose a plan which had occurred to him while on his way to the palace.

"I came to see your Majesty on the subject of the museum," he said, "and to crave permission to contribute to the collection some objects which shall be interesting to everyone. I understand that it is highly desirable that every one should be interested."

"Of course it is," said the Queen, "and although I think that there is not the slightest reason why every one should not feel the keenest interest in what the museum already contains, I am willing to add to it whatever may make it of greater value."

"In that case," said the stranger, "no time should be lost in securing what I wish to present."

"Go at once," said the Queen. "But how soon can you return?"

"It will take some days, at least," said the stranger.

"Give me your parole to return in a week," said the Queen, "and start immediately."

The stranger gave his parole and left the palace. Having filled a leathern bag with provisions from a cook's shop, he went out of the city gates. As he walked into the open country, he said to himself:

"I have certainly undertaken a very difficult enterprise. Where I am to find anything that will interest all the people in that city, I am sure I do not know; but my heart is so filled with pity for the great number of unfortunate persons who are torn from their homes and shut up in prison, that I am determine to do something for them, if I possibly can. There must be some objects to be found in this vast country that will interest every one."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Six cent cotton and fifty cent wheat are unimpeachable witnesses for the demands of the Alliance.

Young Folks' Post Office.

Sampson County.

Taylors Bridge, N. C., May 30th 1893. Mr. Editor.—Your correspondent Lillian W. from Union county asked the question how many times does the word Jehovah appear in the Bible. I will answer it. It appears in the Bible 5,855 times. I will ask a question. How many times does the word girl occur in the Bible? I will close. May The Caucasian go to every mans' home in the United States. It is a welcome visitor to our home.

W. B. Rivenbark.

June 10th 1793. Mr. Editor.—I will ask a question of those who read the Bible. How many times does the word Lord occur in the Bible? Answer it kind little friends. I am taking an interest in the Childrens' Corner. Wishing The Caucasian much success, I am Yours

W. B. Rivenbark.

Wilson County.

Saratoga, N. C., June 12th '93. Mr. Editor.—I have been waiting some time to see a letter from Wilson county, but have not yet seen one, so I will be first to ask for admittance. I hope I may be welcome, although I may not prove interesting to all. Papa takes your valuable paper and all are highly pleased with it.

Prof. W. L. Smith has just closed his writing school here, and all wish for him to come again.

I will answer master Walter Owens' question. Texas was admitted to the United States in 1845. Wishing you and your paper much success, I am your

Uuknown friend.

Sadie Felton.

Sampson County.

McKoy, N. C., June 13th, 1893. Mr. Editor.—I am a girl thirteen years of age, my papa takes The Caucasian and I am very much pleased with it. I will answer two questions. First, the University was opened in 1795 and the faculty was constituted by Rev. David Kerr and Samuel A. Holmes; second, Texas was annexed to the United States in 1845. I will ask two questions. First, what three ex-Presidents died on the fourth of July? Second, what celebrated philosopher, when a boy, went without meat to buy books? Wishing you and The Caucasian much success, I am your

Unknown friend,

Nancy Westbrook.

Newton Grove, N. C., June 10th 1893. Editor Caucasian.—I once more attempt to write to your most valuable paper. We all read it and prize it most highly in our home. I now answer Fred Johnson's question. The oldest church is at Bath, Beaufort county, the edifice is still in good condition and is used regular for public service. I think it is an Episcopal church. I will now ask Fred a question. "Who are the Bankers, where do they live and what is their occupation? I will now answer the question asked by the correspondent at Poe's N. C. The first printing press was set up in New Bern by James Davis in the year 1749, and the first book was a copy of the State Laws. I will also answer Lillie Watt's question. The University of N. C., was regularly open 1795. The Rev. David Kerr and Samuel A. Holmes constituted the faculty, and now will some one tell who was the first student to arrive. With every good wish for The Caucasian. Sallie Williams.

BUNN PUKES UP HIS SILVER VIEWS.

We believed that Congressman Bunn, of the Fourth North Carolina district would fail to redeem any of his pledges, but hardly expected it this early. He was in New York recently and a reporter of the Daily Press interviewed him. The Press says:

"Congressman B. H. Bunn, of North Carolina, told me yesterday at the Astor House that a sentiment is growing in that State in favor of the repeal of the Sherman silver purchasing act. 'A year ago,' he said, 'there was a free silver coinage craze, but the outflow of gold to Europe and financial depression seem to have changed public opinion. The congressmen of my State may now favor State bank currency, but not free coinage. So far as the tariff is concerned, I am in favor of a revision. I can't say, though, that I favor the repeal of the McKinley law. I heard from the administration yesterday that the extra session of congress will begin about September 18th."

So the McKinley bill is all right now. It was simply awful before the election. Bunn says he is not in favor of its repeal. The "free coinage craze" is no more than we expected, but how does that jingle with a speech made in congress by Bunn in favor of absolute free coinage about a year ago, and in which he showed that he believed free coinage to be the paramount issue. Well, how does his constituents feel now?—Prog. Farmer.

JEFFERSON AND JACKSON

Were Opposed to Banks of Issue Both State and National.

Andrew Jackson it was who said, "if congress has the right under the constitution to issue paper money, it was given them to be used by themselves, not to be delegated to individuals or banking corporations."

Thos. Jefferson it was who said: "Bank paper must be suppressed, and the circulating medium must be restored to the nation to whom it belongs. It is the only fund on which we can rely for loans, it is our only resource which can never fail us, and it is an abundant one for every necessary purpose."

If you believe in the doctrine of Jefferson and Jackson and have the manhood to back up your belief with your votes, what will you be acting with to-day? tf.

Subscribe to The Caucasian $1.00 per year.

HE SIZES 'EM UP.

TOM WATSON DRAWS A CONTRAST BETWEEN THE VOTER AND THE OFFICE SEEKER.

THE WAY IT WAS, THE WAY IT IS, AND THE WAY IT WILL BE AGAIN.

Let Every Voter Read.

At this time last year, the Democratic Campaign orator had the country by the ear. No such floods of talk, talk, talk ever deluged the hustings.

The patriotic sufferings of the Democratic Candidate brought the sweat to his marble brow in copious fragance. He agonized for his fellow-man. The woes of the oppressed tax- payer, the poor, down-troden tax-payer, were almost greater than the Democratic Candidate could bear. They gave him no rest day nor night. They planted his pillow with thorns, his daily walk with flinty obstructions, and they griped his intestines in a way that made him cry aloud with pain.

The Republicans were the authors of the calamity They had had the Statute Book in their exclusive lap ever since the war, and they had diabolical laws which were running the people. For this reason the Democratic Candidate suffered in his mind. For this reason he was willing to leave the luxurious ease of his private business and give himself to the service of his native land. For this reason he wanted the chance, just one chance, to snatch the Statute Book out of the lap of the diabolical Republicans and scratch out those laws which were cruelly robbing the poor, down-troden tax-payer.

But while the Republicans had thus broken his rest and forced him to seek office, contrary to his natural appetite, the Populists had much to do with his agonies. They were a bad lot. Their leaders were men who merely wanted once, not from high mugwump considerations of political morality, but from the base and sordid love of salary attached. Extermination was too good for such a crowd. The down-trodden, tax-payer must be saved from these ravenous wolves.

It is true they had some good principles. But, then, those were the very things the Democrats had been trying to do ever since the war, and had got no chance.

Now, just at the time when the Democats were about to get a chance to do these things, here came the infernal Populists, stirring up strife, dividing our people and trying to keep the Democrats from passing laws.

Where is the gallant Gordon?

Did he not slap himself upon his manly chest and make grandiose declartion of what halcyon days should flood us with golden effulgence when Cleveland should come to power?

Where is the "peerless gentleman," (who talks dry and votes wet), the Hon. J. C. C. Black?

Did he not throw his fat legs into the air and stamp the bottom out of the platform every time he mentioned the adored name of Grover Cleveland? Did he not turn the the cornucopia our way, and show us the good things which were about to be showered upon the poor, down-trodden tax-payer?

Answer me, ye memories of last summer!

Give us a chance!!!

From Gulf to Lakes, from New England's rocky shores to California's sunny slopes, went this frenzied appeal of the Democratic Candidate—this appeal which was wrung from him, not on account of his wanting office. Perish such an unworthy imputation! No. It was wrung from his tortured soul because of dire distress and sore discomfort of the down-trodden taxpayer!

What cared such patriots as the Democratic Candidate whether they got office or not if they could but remonetize silver, abolish National Banks, give the people more money, and repeal the McKinly Bill?

Give them but the chance to do these things and the offices might "go to grass and eat mullen."

Magnificent in its impudence, unscrupulous in its purposes, shameless in its methods, this collossal "confidence game" succeeded.

The farmer was buncoed; the laborer blindfolded; the country merchant bamboozled.

The suffering Democrat was taken at his word. The Statute Book was put into his hands. The keys of the crib and the smoke-house were given into his eager keeping. The joyous hosannahs of an expectant people rose like incense all about him.

The down-trodden tax-payer, away off in his mortgaged fields, clucked cheerfully to the little brown mule, and whistled, actually whistled, as he pushed his way down the furrow.

For mark you, my brothers, this man remembered the Democratic speeches of last summer, and he believed in them as the novice clings to the creed!

And when the Democrats elected everything, got into their hands every department of the government, this humble plowman saw good times ahead. His troubled mind, racked and tortured many and many a night by dread fears of the future, by dismal pictures of the day when he and his little homegang might have to take the big road and become wanderers upon the earth—upon God's fruitful earth which he surely made as a home for us all! His troubled mind, I say, grew calm and confident. His manly lips had never framed public lines for selfish purposes, and he could not dream that his superiors, his leaders, his counsellors, could do it. When he heard the best men of the country, the cultured, the college-bred, the distinguished, make definite pledges for his relief, he believed them.

He put his honest hand in theirs, trustingly!

Therefore, when the little mule was hitched up in January, to begin the twelve months' race against poverty, his heart was lighter than before. His friends posessed the Government. He had put them in charge. They wouldn't go back on him. They loved him too well. They had suffered too much on his acount.

So down the furrow goes the little brown mule; and, behind the little brown mule, goes the confident farmer. Already he feels that the McKinley Bill does not weigh quite so much. Already it seems the tariff robbery is not quite so terrific as it was during the campaign. Already things seem brighter. There is a burst of sunshine above his cosy home and the mortgage cloud, hovering, hawk-like, doesn't seem quite so black.

Thus it is with the farmer, the voter.

How goes the man he elected? How goes the Democratic orator whose cravings and achings to get a chance were so painful last summer?

He has gone away. He went to Washington on the 4th of March. He has carried his deeds with him. He has been there ever since. He has made himself a spectacle to the disgusted universe.

The like was never seen before. The jostling and scrouging, the pushing and shoving, the scrambling and trampling, the snarling and snapping, the biting and scratching, the trading and intriguing that has gone on at Washington since March 4th has not only discouraged the poiecats, but has sickened the buzzards.

Campaign pledges? Where are they? The man who made them can't be found.

Financial politics are just as Harrison left them. Even more so.

The volume of money grows smaller every day by comparison.

The McKinley Bill sits on the top rail of the fence and crows with defiant self-confidence.

And where is Cleveland, whose name the Democratic orator couldn't mention last summer without enthusiastic controtion of the arms and legs?

Cleveland has gone fishing.

Where is Mr. Carlisle, who was to bring Wall Street to its senses?

Gone fishing.

Where is Herbert, of Alabama?

Gone fishing.

And Morton, of Nebraska?

Gone fishing!

The other members of the Cabinet have not yet gone because the "little bottle-shaped appartus" Cleveland invented, is considered a dangerous implement for the whole Cabinet to tackle at the same time:

"Ride and tie," you know. Cleveland, Carlisle, Herbert and Morton go this month.

Gresham, Lamont, Bissell and Smith go next month.

Then comes the turn of Claude Bennett, Possumphat and the "groomlet"—assisted (let us hope) by the man who mauls sentiment and splits rhyme for the Atlanta Journal, at so much per cord.

Yes, sirree! Fishing is now the order of the day.

Just after the November election it was promised that the new Congress was to be assembled in March to relieve the poor, down-trodden tax-payer. Then it was thought wisest to wait till June.

Then the postponement leaped down to September.

In the mean time where is the Taxpay?

Plowing. Not fishing.

Are his burdens just as heavy as they were last summer?

More so.

Is the Democratic Candidate, who suffered so much on his account last summer feeling any intestinal derangement on his own account at this time?

No. Not at this time.

When did the Candidate recover from that complaint?

The day following the election.

Will that ailment, that inflammatory sympathy for the poor, down trodden tax-payer ever trouble that candidate again?

Yes.

When?

Next summer. And it will grow steadily worse as election day approaches. His frothings at the mouth will make him look dangerous. The convulsions which shake his body and cause his legs and arms to whirl about in spasmodic pain, will creat universal sympathy and attention.

After the election they will once more disappear, and the little brown mule can go to plowing again.

The Democratic boss will have achieved his purpose and can once more go fishing.

"Gee-up, Mike!"

Hurrah for Possumphat, and the "dear old Democratic Party!" T. E. W.,—In People Party Paper.

BE VIGILANT.

We learn that a certain man in a certain county is putting in his time working to be made delegate to the meeting of the State Alliance. It is hardly probable that he would spend much time at this business merely for the honor there is in it. There must be some scheme on foot. We ask the brethren everywhere to be on their guard. Be careful who you elect as delegates or to important officers. Elect no man who so far forgets himself as to begin a systematic campaign in his own interest. In saying this we do not mean that members of only one party should be elected delegates or officers. The Alliance is far above any party and there are enough well meaning men in all parties to have them all represented in the list of officials or delegates. But no members, no matter which party he may be with, shoud be recognized as eligible to any position if he unfits himself by campaigning. Be careful who you elect to represent you at your county meetings and there will be fewer mistakes in sending delegates to the State meetings.—Prog. Farmer.

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THE SAVORLESS SALT

REV. THOMAS DIXON, JR., ON CORRUPTION IN THE CHURCH.

Ninth Sermon of the Series on the "Gates of Hell In Modern Babylon"—Churches as Social Clubs and Cliques—Romanism Without Rome's Power.

New York, June 18.—Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., preached this morning the ninth sermon of the series on "The Gates of Hell In Modern Babylon." The subject of the morning sermon was "The Failure of the Church In the City." The text chosen was from Matthew v, 13: "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost it savor wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men."

One of the most serious causes for the present condition of the city is to be found in the failure of the church of Christ to keep pace with its rapid development. The fact is that the failure of Protestant Christianity in the centers of civic life in America has been one of the most painful facts in the history of the nation in the last quarter of a century. There are fewer Methodists in New York city today than there were 20 years ago. There are fewer Baptists in New York city today than 20 years ago. And this in the face of the fact that in the meantime the city has practically doubled its population—grown to be the metropolis of the new world. The truth is, while everything else has advanced with marvelous strides the church has lost ground. And what is true in New York is true really in many other great cities. The essence of Christianity lies in its power to save. The work of Christianity is to save the world. When the salt is removed from the earth, it is not to be wondered at the corruption that results. There is a terrible failure today in the work of applying Christianity to the needs of the people in the city.

The sad fact is forcing itself on the hearts of many who love the Lord that thousands of the churches in our centers of life are today practically dead.

The trouble about it is, too, that they are still above ground. They are dead, and no permit to bury has been issued. The consequence is that there is natural embarrassment. We see this painful fact—

First—In the empty pews in the churches of the city. The primary idea of the church of Christ is an assembly. The word church in its original means assembly. The trouble is they have ceased to assemble. The congregation in the average church in our great cities is conspicuous for the people who are not there. Empty pews are the first thing that strikes the eye of the observer. There are various excuses made for this condition of affairs. It is owing to the point of view from which you look at it as to the answer you would make. A man asked another how he accounted for the small attendance at our churches. He said he could not account for it. He said he went one night himself, and he never could understand what could attract those people that were there.

The language of empty pews is a sad one to the church. They are mocking ghosts. It is a chilling experience to any man to come from a country district into the city and face these solemn evidences of the decadence of church life. I shall never forget the first sermon I preached in a city church. The house seated about 1,500. There were about 80 present. They were scattered over the solemn building. They shivered in the cold, and I shivered in sympathy. It is needless to say the service was a dismal failure.

SOCIAL CLUBS.

Second—Many of our churches have become social clubs and cliques. Man's social nature is a mighty lever when it is properly used. It should be utilized for spiritual ends. But a social club is one thing, and an assembly of people gathered in the name of Jesus Christ to do his work, to follow his teachings and be the medium through which his spirit shall operate in the world—this is another thing. Every part of man's social nature may be and should be utilized, but when the great spiritual fact is overlooked and the church degenerates into a mere clique, in which there are parties with all sorts of games, in which there are festivals with all sorts of swindling, kissing bees and all sorts of cheating inventions, we have here the evidences of decay.

A pastor recently resigned in one of our great churches because some of his people insisted on having a dog show in the church. He said he could stand a good deal, but he drew the line at a dog show. A young man was recently forced to resign his charge because he insisted on wearing a mustache. The congregation did not like a preacher with that style of beard. He refused to part with his ornament, and they parted with their pastor.

Our churches, many of them, have become apostles of the gospel of geography. They believe in moving. One of two things is true. By this fact either the gospel is a lie or the methods they use to propagate it are false. The first of these alternatives need scarcely be discussed. Is the gospel a failure? Hardly. Is it weak? Can it not answer every accusation of the enemy of man? Let the ages answer. Let every generation since Calvary answer. Has Jesus Christ, who promised to be with his church always, deserted? Ask the church militant today, and you will have the answer. Does not God hear prayer today? Ask those who have faith, who pray. There never was a time when Christianity was such a power as today. There never was a time when it wielded such resistless influence over civilization as a whole as today. It makes and unmakes the policies of nations and of parties. Its past triumphs have been glorious. Its present power is practically resistless when brought to bear on society.

It need not be said that our methods are false. The gospel of geography applied to the city's life is a travesty on Christianity. It is the cry of the traitor that leaves the ground to the enemy from whom he has fled. We are told that the churches leave these districts because the people are gone, and yet they were never so crowded in the history of the city. As far as the eye can reach to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, rolls the endless tide of humanity, wave on wave, 10 stories high. The simple fact is they have been drowned in an ocean of humanity hunting for people. And yet the simple truth is they have not tried to find people.

MAGNIFICENT MAUSOLEUMS.

Fourth—We are convinced of their practical death from the fact that they are so still. There is no motion, movement, stir, about them. There cannot be growth without movement. Action is a necessary postulate of life, and growth is a predicate of life. Many of these churches have grown cold and numb. They never have a sensation. Dead people never have sensations of any sort. The dying object to sensations. In proportion as people are dead they are free from sensations. Christianity is a sensation. Christ was a sensationalist. He spoke on sensational themes. He spoke in a sensational way. The great problems of religion are in themselves soul stirring. No man can believe them in vital ways and not have his soul set on fire.

From the beginning of Christ's ministry to its close his history is the history of one sensation succeeding another. And yet churches built in his name in this day believe that they are disgraced if they have a sensation of any sort in the pulpit or in the pews. They are cold and stiff and numb and formal. This is the hand of death. The dead are stiff and dignified. In proportion as men die they grow stiff. Speed, force, are postulates of life. Many of our churches are magnificent mausoleums in which the dead move with silent tread, sit in solemn silence in solemn pews. They need life. They need a sensation to do them good; to have any sort of a sensation for a change. Some of them never get it except an accident happens.

I saw the other day how that a parson in a certain town long ago had a habit of putting off till tomorrow what ought to have been done today. Having something to do with a bottle of aqua fortis, which he should have used on Saturday, but which he put off till Sunday, he went into the pulpit with this bottle in his pocket. In the midst of his sermon, while his hands were uplifted and he was about to close a fine sentence, he leaned heavily against the pulpit, and smash went the bottle. With hands uplifted, still with his unfinished sermon, he rushed down the pulpit stairs, through the center aisle, out of the church, and all the congregation followed him. Had the good man gone crazy? On he rushed till he came to a pond a short distance from the church, into which he plunged, while the congregation stood in amazement, wondering if their pastor was about to commit suicide. He explained the action of the aqua fortis and in a short time secured some dry clothes and returned to the pulpit and finished his sermon.

I think myself a little of the aqua fortis would be good for some of the brethren, and it would be wholesome perhaps in some of the pews. We need the old negro's prayer to be fulfilled here in New York. He prayed for the northern brother who came down to preach for him. He said: "Lord bless dis yer white man dat's come down from de north to preach for us. Fill him with de flame of de spirit, annint him wid de kerosene ile of salvation and set him afire."

FIGHT IN THE CHURCH.

Fifth—They show that they are dead in the fact that they have no ear to hear, no heart to pity, no arm to save the struggling, suffering thousands that surge about their doors. There is a ceaseless cry about the city that goes to the heart of one that knows its distress. It is like the low moaning of the wind before the storm, and he whose ear is tuned to its weird music can hear it in the noonday rush above the din and roar; can hear it in the silence of the night above the city's groan, for it never sleeps. And yet there are hundreds of churches that hear this cry and hear it unmoved. They are complacent in their ease. They have gotten in the old traditional jog trot and think it is all right. They jog smoothly along and never hear it thunder, and if anybody suggests that it thundered they are shocked, because they have been disturbed. They are wedded to the mechanics of a traditional progress that is no progress at all—that is simply the refuse of small minds and weak personalities.

Many of these churches have been corrupted by the forces of our corrupt civilization. Fashion and pride and wealth have made their inroads and erected their standards around the very altar of the Most High God. A pastor was recently driven out of one of our great churches because of an old fight in the church. Four years ago a minority of the members of the church attempted to force him out, and on what grounds do you suppose they brought their action? First, he was not an orator; second, that he paid too much attention to the poor. Amazing fact! And yet Jesus said when John's disciples came to ask if he be the Messiah, "Tell John the poor have the gospel preached unto them." The whole truth is that these churches have pushed back the people and neglected them for their own clique and their own coterie until the spirit of God has in grief departed. They have lost the capacity to convey the spirit to other hearts.

Sixth—Many of our churches are dead, and we know it, because they have dead preachers. We exclaim today, with the sacred seer, "Lord, they have killed thy prophets!" The power of the pulpit is the power unto life when properly applied. There is no power today in this nation equal to the power of the Christian pulpit when it is used for all it is worth. Men may say that they despise it, that it is the parson who is prattling, but when the pulpit is united upon a great theme its influence upon any community in America is simply resistless. Men of the world know this. The editors of our great newspapers know it, and know it to the bottom. And if there is a failure in our cities to save people we must take upon our own shoulders a large share of the weight of this fearful responsibility.

The present condition of the city cannot be stated and waved aside by laying it upon other shoulders. We, the ministers of God, are in some measure certainly responsible for that fact. If the power committed to the ministry had been used in teaching the pews, such would not be today the fact. In ancient times the prophets of God were the leaders of the race. Their authority was the authority of truth, and it was supreme. The prophet spoke to kings and princes with his power. The prophet of the modern day has the same right. He has the same commission. He has the same duty. The prophets of today are men of talent. They are magnificently endowed. They are the best trained ministry the world has ever seen. Why this pitiable weakness in our centers of life? Alas, they have killed the prophets! There is no doubting the fact. Some of them have been choked to death by orthodox collars.

STRANGLED TO DEATH.

Protestantism has failed in our great cities often because it had in it too much Romanism without the power of Rome. The brethren have been busy keeping the faith. They have kept a large pack of hounds to chase heretics out of the fields. They have spent their energy in silencing men that do not follow after their sect. For the last 20 years the church has been busy manufacturing preachers who wear the collar of certain creeds. Some of our seminaries have advertised that their collars are warranted to hold, and when the victims have begun to grow, the collar being made of immovable material, they are of necessity choked to death. You can go by some of these churches and hear them wheeze. You can hear the death rattle in their throats. Their teacher told them that a sermon is a work of art, and they have been making it a work of art so skillfully that there is not a point or a corner anywhere about it. It makes not the slightest impression upon the hard conscience of men and women who hear it.

When some of these poor fellows get tired of the collar and try to take it off, there is a sensation of the wrong sort. Some of these preachers in our cities have been murdered to death. They have been murdered to death by conventionality and traditionalism. In all the pews in these solemn mausoleums there sit stranglers whose hands are skillful in the art of throttling the personality of the men who fill the pulpits. Men come to the city full of rural enthusiasms. They are fools enough to believe in the possibilities of saving men and women. They get into one of these iceboxes and preach for a few months, until the very marrow in their bones is chilled, and then they try to get the people in. They grow restless. They make a desperate effort, but the dear brethren sit down on them, and they are smothered to death.

There are fewer Methodists in New York now than there were 20 years ago, and yet a stirring Methodist evangelist has been packing a great theater full of people during the past few months, and the dear old mossbacks are clamoring for his head in a charger. They say he is disturbing the cosmic dust that has settled on their churches. They say that he is drawing away their constituency, and they are going to make a motion to cast him out of the synagogue. A man passed by a church where there was great excitement the other day. He asked if a revival was in progress. The sexton said no; they were trying a heretic. We have life of a certain sort. It is expended in hunting out the heretics and crucifying them and letting the world go to the devil.

THE THIRTEEN REASONS.

Some of these men are scared to death, not because they are weak and craven, but because they are human. They have the 13 reasons for not doing many things they want to do—a wife and 12 children. They are anxious to please the pews, and they imitate the great preacher of the sixteenth century. A fellow wrote to me some time ago to recommend him to a church looking for a preacher and begged me to write him in advance the day the committee would come to hear him preach that he might be on the lookout for strangers in the pews. Many of our preachers are afraid of the power of criticism. It is hard to be cursed, to be lied about, to be misrepresented and slandered by the traditional forces that maintain things as they are and by a blackguard press that is ever ready to take up any cry against a minister of Christ.

And, alas! some of these men are worked to death. The work to be done in a modern city church cannot be done by one man. Whatever our fathers may have done, the man who stands at the head of a church in a modern city and attempts of himself to master its work has undertaken the impossible. It cannot be done. The only churches in the city of New York—the Episcopal and the Roman Catholic—that have made any progress have been the churches in which the number of workers in a given parish have been adequate to the work to be accomplished. There are churches in this city that require 10 men in the capacity of associates and assistants, in which a solitary little Protestant preacher stands up and hammers away until they carry him off to the cemetery and bury his little wornout body, for else they take him to the insane asylum or to some sanitarium, where he has the luxury of an invalid's life and poverty and suffering for his portion.

THE BROADWAY CABLE.

It is time for our churches to wake to the fact of their failure and to adapt themselves to the changed conditions of modern city life. We do not need any more ecclesiastical tombs buildings. The people do not want them. They will not go into them after they are built. They are useless baggage. We need buildings adapted to catch men. We need sacred secular buildings. We need gospel cars to preach to railroad men beneath the sheds. We need to lay our hands on the ways of travel. We need to preach through the press and to convert the modern press to Jesus Christ—to preach to the press and through the press. The time has come for us to be all things to all men, if by all means we may save some, and not be afraid of making a sensation; to be wise as serpents, to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness—that is, to use common sense, to be alive, to do the work of the Master in living ways.

Whenever the church determines to do its work it will be done. The power is at hand, if we will but utilize it. It is not a question of the loss of power; it is the refusal of the Christian to use the power. A little child exploded the mine under Hell Gate and cleared the channel of rocks that had defied navigation for centuries. The little child simply pressed the button that connected the electric current with the hidden battery. The Christian has simply to touch the electric current of the Spirit of the Most High God, and the hidden mines deep down in the human soul will be exploded; the hidden rocks that have obstructed our progress in society through the centuries of the past will be cleared, some of them in an instant.

A little child with her tiny hand started the great cable on Broadway and sent the cars spinning over their track. The child simply opened the steam valve, and the steam did the work. The Christian has simply to lay his hand—as a Christian—on the world, and the Spirit of God will do the work. The trouble with us simply is that we have not come in vital contact with the world.

The Evils of the Installment System.

"As a compiler of statistics and a student of social conditions I have recently made some studies that may be interesting," said F. T. Croyden. "It is in reference to the effect that the time or easy payment credit system has upon the people throughout the land. I have studied this phase of the social problem in three of the largest cities in the country and find the system to be an evil influence at work among the poor classes. To do this I have been compelled to be a collector and visit daily a certain number of persons where payments fell due weekly or monthly. The goods on which the payments were made were of decidedly small value—articles being sold for $5 and $10 and being paid for at 25 cents a week or $1 a month. Now, all these goods were sold in the small homes where the parties could not pay cash, but had a craving for fine furnishings, which they satisfied with a cheap semblance of luxury.

"This was one of the evil results. A second was that this little payment system taught them to shirk their duty of promptly paying it. It taught them to put off the bill week after week until the whole was due and then to avoid payment by all sorts of excuses and subterfuges, the practice of which is degrading. A continued period of this kind of buying makes of this people what the dealers term bad cases."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Enforcing Her Views of Cremation.

The people of Isham, a village between Kettering and Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire, have lately been considerably agitated by the refusal of Mrs. Perry, a prominent local landowner, to give the parish any more land to add to their churchyard or to make a cemetery. At the present time the burial ground—which surrounds the parish church and is at a considerable height from the street in the middle of the village—is quite filled, and at recent funerals numbers of bones and pieces of half rotten coffins have been disinterred to make room for fresh graves. The reason given by the lady, who possesses eligible ground close by, is that she refuses on the ground that cremation is the most satisfactory way to dispose of the dead and that she disapproves of burial in the midst of the village.—London News.

MORE SILLY TWADDLE.

John A. Stevens, of Wayne county, a member of the last House of Learning Curiosities, has got out another letter. As he says The Progressive Farmer "abused" him, we publish his letter this week. He manages to work in the same old charges, but furnishes absolutely no proof. In fact he has the happy faculty of being able to write a two-column article without making a single point in the direction he seems to be driving. In his latest he confines himself to the minutes of the last State Alliance meeting, like the fellow who tied himself to a stump and when the steer ran away he yelled "somebody please stop me." Stevens is in exactly that condition now.

As every reader can see the nonsensicalness in Stevens' letter, it is unnecessary to controvert any of it. Most of it can be found in the minutes of the last State meeting, but never been denied by anybody, as was published and copies furnished to every Alliance in the State. Stevens might select a number of verses from the Bible "cuss words" inserted in between, but no sensible person would lose faith in the Bible on that account.

It will be noticed that Stevens denies voting for the repeal of the charter. He is more of a coward than we thought he was. He cannot deny that he was among the sneaks who plotted to overthrow the Alliance, yet when the time came he was too great a coward to vote for his own work.

Nobody has denied the amounts paid to Alliance lecturers, The Sub, County and State Alliance voted for it to be done and will have lecturing done as long as the Alliance exists. As to the delay on the part of the Trustee in paying the funds back to the sorry, weak kneed contributors who have and will ask for it, nobody with the sense of a ten year-old boy will criticize, for the business had to be put in proper shape, calculations made, postage deducted and all the law on both sides complied with. More than that it would not be business to pay a fund who rushed forward with their certificates right away and delay others, and when Stevens or anybody eles intimates that there is no money to pay them, they tell a deliberate falsehood. A few small bills remain unpaid. For instance J. S. Bell owes twenty odd dollars. He was one of the sneaks who worked for the repeal of the charter. There was a small loss on cotton bagging, too much being bought, but it will probably be sold next season. Then there is a loss on one double seated back, ordered last summer from Cincinnati, Ohio, for E. A. Stevens, of Wayne county, business agent of the same Alliance that J. A. Stevens we suppose. And by the way, this same J. A. Stevens wrote the order for the hack and did most of the correspondence about the hack for E. A. Stevens. Owing to the factory being behind with orders the hack was not shipped promtly. Stevens refused to take it and the State Agent had to pay for it. Hence we find J. A. Stevens and J. S. Bell, two of the prominent sneaks in plotting the overthrow of the Alliance, were the two who caused two of the losses that are to be adjusted before the funds are paid to anyone.

No business concern has had better management or fewer loses than the State Agency fund. Now we wonder if Stevens and Bell will not stay in their holes?—Progressive Farmer.

WHY THIS HOWL?

It seems as though Populists are not the only calamity howlers. A good many bankers are howling most lustily just now. What is the matter, you howling idiots? Don't you know that we are in the midst of unparalleled prosperity? And there can't be any scarcity of money, for your tools have declared from every platform in America that there is plenty of money, and that our financial system is the best the world ever saw. Say, what is the matter, anyhow? Stop your howling long enough to tell us why you howl? Did you consent to help squeeze the American people until they would howl for more bonds, and yourself get caught in the toils and squeezed?

General Weaver has for years opposed and denounced the monstrous injustice of our much vaunted "best financial system the world has ever seen." None have dared to meet him face to face before the people, but a horde of cowardly curs yelping at his heels "demagogue," cranks, "Junmping Jim," "Pass the ball, Jim." ect., have distracted the attention of the mass of the people, and prevented thousands who were compelled to acknowledge the force of his arguments from asserting their belief through fear of abuse and vilification. The financial structure (if it may be dignified by such an appellation) must tumble about their ears, before they will wake up to do their own thinking and dare to act according to their convictions. It is tumbling and they are thinking—the gain will be vastly greater than the loss—let it tumble!—Union Dispatch.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. Frank J. Cheney.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. Gleason,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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